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HORSE-BITE CAUSES LOCK-JAW

Frank W. Purdy, Wealthy Farmer and Dairyman is Lying in a Critical Condition

NO FOOD FOR SIX DAYS

Dr. Fremont C. Knight Injected Tetanus Antitoxin in an Effort to Save His Life

His jaws locked, Frank W. Purdy, wealthy farmer and dairyman, is lying in a critical condition at his home 309 North County street, Waukegan, while doctors are injecting tetanus antitoxin in an effort to save his life.

Mr. Purdy was bitten by a horse a month ago while endeavoring to fasten a bride. The horse sunk his teeth into the right hand and Mr. Purdy raced to the house for a piece of bandage. No physician was called at that time.

A week ago Mr. Purdy became critically ill, he could not eat and for the past few days he could not swallow. Dr. Knight was summoned and 5,000 units of tetanus antitoxin were injected at the base of the spine.

Mr. Purdy is one of Waukegan's best known dairymen. He is a wealthy farm holder and has made Waukegan his place of residence for the past nineteen years.

Tetanus is a painful and usually a fatal disease, resulting generally from a wound, and having as its principal system persistent spasm of the voluntary muscles. When the muscles of the lower jaw is affected it is called lock-jaw and it takes various names from the various incurvations of the body resulting from the spasm.

AT THE ANTIOCH OPERA HOUSE, "IT HAPPENED IN RHYMELAND"

When the girl a man's in love with falls in love with another man the first man is probably justified in using most every method of winning her back but whether he is justified in going as far as Andy did is a question. You see Andy loved Contrary Mary who fell in love with Tom and of course he did not like it, and decided that Mary should be his, in a regular villain manner, at any cost. Mary and Tom decided to marry and they agreed to take their honeymoon on a wonderful beanstalk which had grown in Mary's garden. This beanstalk was the result of the famous beans for which a silly boy named Jack has sold his cow and the idea of the lover was that they would ride to Toyland on it. And they managed to it too, in spite of the villainous work of Andy who made the trip an exceedingly dangerous one. The progress of their journey, their meeting with Old King Cole and other wonderful people is all set forth in, "It Happened in Rhymland," which will be presented at the opera house Thursday and Friday evenings, July 24 and 25. Nearly one hundred people will assist in telling the story which is set to some exceeding attractive music. Reserved seats will be on sale Monday at Overton's.

For the Earache.

"I am afraid I have greatly interfered with my own practice," said a celebrated aurist, "by giving the following advice to many of my friends: At the first symptoms of earache, let the patient lie on the bed with the painful ear uppermost. Fold a thick towel and tuck it around the neck; then with a teaspoon fill the ear with warm water. Continue doing this for 15 or 20 minutes; the water will fill the ear orifice and flow over on the towel. Afterwards turn over the head, let the water run out, and plug the ear with warm glycerin and cotton. This may be done every hour until relief is obtained. It is an almost invariable cure and has saved many cases of acute inflammation. The water should be quite warm, but not too hot."—From the Family Doctor.

Course of True Love.

"I thought my fiancée broke our engagement when she threatened to kill me," pleaded a Nevada defendant in a breach of promise suit. Not a bit of it—that is a way some women have of cinching things.

FATHER HELLER HONORED

Priest of Bristol and Wilmot is Presented With Purse on 10th Anniversary

Rev. Jos. P. Heller of Bristol was made the recipient of a very pleasant surprise on Sunday evening, his tenth anniversary as pastor of Bristol and Wilmot, when a number of his parish from Wilmot called on him at his residence and presented him with a purse of \$103.50.

On Thursday evening his parishioners of Bristol and a host of friends from neighboring towns gathered at his home and also presented him with a purse of \$190 as a token of their love for him and their appreciation of his kindly services.

Father Heller is one of the best known and most popular priest of Kenosha county and he enjoys the respect and esteem of all who know him, regardless of creed. Of a kind, open-hearted and genial disposition, he makes friends of all whom he meets and he is never happier than when he can be of service to them.

During his administration of the parish, he remodeled the church at Bristol, built the new parsonage and also the beautiful church at Wilmot, which was destroyed by lightning June 15th. He is now engaged at the task of replacing it with a solid brick structure.

After a most enjoyable evening the company departed, wishing Father Heller many more happy years in their midst.

DROWNS IN BANGS LAKE

Clara Dorweiler of Chicago Drowns While Her Fiance Looks on

Clara Dorweiler of 3401 Lexington street, Chicago was drowned Sunday in Bangs Lake, Lake county, within a few feet of William Gleason, whom she was to have married next month.

The man suffered the agony of a life time as he saw his fiancée disappear beneath the water with a look of appeal to him and while he waited for her to reappear she never came up from the bottom of the deep lake and Gleason was powerless to render the slightest aid.

Gleason is a cashier of the Chicago Municipal Court and lives at 3543 Lexington street in that city. The two had been engaged more than a year and were on a week end visit to relatives of Mr. Gleason at Green's Hotel, Wauconda.

They had started on a fishing trip early in the day, during which there had been more talking than fishing. Their last anchorage was 150 yards off the main landing and from time to time they waved greetings to friends along the shore.

Lunch time was approaching and Gleason went into the bow of the flat-bottomed craft to pull in the anchor. It appeared to be caught and he leaned far over to give it a good tug.

"Don't work so hard," laughed the girl, who was seated upon a cracker box in the stern. "I'm going to wash my hands." She leaned over upon the same side where Gleason was pulling at the anchor and the boat overturned. Gleason heard a scream as he was thrown headlong into the water. With two strong strokes he reached the surface but could not see any trace of his sweetheart.

He seized hold of the overturned boat and worked his way to the stern, anxiously awaiting the appearance of the girl.

The accident had been witnessed by several persons on the shore and a boat quickly arrived to rescue Gleason while several swimmers attempted to locate the girl's body. It was with difficulty that Gleason was persuaded to go to shore.

"Everything happened so quickly that I can scarcely realize the truth as yet," said Gleason to his friends. "Clara and I had been talking of our marriage plans. We had been to the lake frequently, but this was to have been our last visit for some time."

Several friends of Miss Dorweiler and Mr. Gleason went to the lake in an auto when they heard of the tragedy and accompanied the body back to Chicago.

Shortest Statutes on Record.

The old parliament of the Scots was noted for its short and pithy statutes. Apparently Scotsmen in the olden times, if their critics are loth to credit them with wit and humor, believed that brevity was the soul of legislation. For instance an old Scottish parliament passed an act which said simply "no man shall enter any place where there is hay with a candle unless it be in a lantern," which is probably the shortest statute ever passed. In fact, one small volume is enough to hold over two centuries of Scotch legislation, and one has never heard that the country was the sufferer thereby.

KILLED WHEN AUTOMOBILE OVERTURNES

Frank Altmair, of Austin Was Killed Sunday Night Near Half Day

IS PINNED UNDER MACHINE

The Road Where the Accident Happened Was Said to be Very Hard and Level

Frank C. Altmair, a wealthy resident of Austin, and president of F. C. Altmair & Co., wholesale liquor dealers, 1722 West Chicago avenue, Chicago, was killed late Sunday night when his machine was overturned on a lonely road near Half Day.

He was pinioned beneath the auto. His head and chest were crushed and he died without gaining consciousness. The death of Altmair, who was driving his car and alone, happened near the spot where James Reddick, public administrator of Cook county, was killed while returning with a party to Chicago from Libertyville in 1907. Reddick at that time was chairman of the Republic county central committee.

Farmers living near the spot where the accident happened hurried to the scene and righted the machine. The accident seems unexplainable. The road bed at that place is said to be hard and level. Altmair was on his way to Oakwood Stock Farm, two miles from Half Day and about one mile from where the accident took place. He had dined at the hotel at Half Day leaving there twenty minutes before he was killed.

Relatives of the victim left for Libertyville immediately after being notified of the accident. A son, Frank C. Altmair, Jr., is with the First Regiment, I. N. G., at the Springfield encampment, and could not be reached. Mr. Altmair was forty-five years old and resided with his wife and two children at 931 Laurel avenue, Austin. The body was taken to Libertyville.

An unidentified woman who afterward disappeared, gave the alarm of the accident at a nearby farmhouse, and William Edwards a farmer and some farm hands recovered the body. The woman's appearance was such that it was not believed she was in the wrecked car. Coroner Taylor of Libertyville was notified of the accident.

Farmers near the scene assert that two automobiles followed that of Altmair, but both apparently missed the wrecked car in the dark.

WHERE RAIN SELDOM FALLS

Two Thousand Miles of South American Coast Line Almost Absolutely Waterless.

For 2,000 miles the coast, as more Americans than are at present informed will doubtless discover as soon as the Panama canal develops more neighborliness between the North Atlantic and the South Pacific, one need not carry an umbrella except to keep off the sun, the Providence Journal observes.

In Peru, on the sea side of the Andes, they build out of mud what seem to be magnificent palaces, and claspboard effects are popular also, though wood is worth its weight in gold. Stucco, a paint brush and a lively flaccid serve for this stately decoration, but there is not even the pretense of cultivating lawns, though that might be indulged in, too, with the help of a pot of green paint. Rain enough would not fall in a generation to wash the green off the front yard or the patio.

That stretch of coast is one of the most remarkable of all nature's demonstrations of waterless desolation. It is an elongated Sahara. From Coquimbo, one-third of the length of Chile below the Peruvian border to Guayaquil, in Ecuador, vegetation is unknown. An agreeable effect is to relieve the equatorial heat along the coast and the slope of the Andes of humidity.

Novel Method of Defense.

An English engineer proposes to defend his country in event of war by suspending bombs from balloons, which could be exploded from the ground when approached by a hostile dirigible or aeroplane.

DROWNED IN PETITE LAKE

Edward Lippert of Chicago Loses Life While Attempting to Save Another

WAS TWENEY YEARS OLD

Drowning Occurs on Sunday But Body Was Not Recovered Till Tuesday Afternoon

The first drowning to take place in this immediate vicinity this summer, occurred at Petite lake Sunday. The victim was Edward Lippert, a youth of about twenty whose home is in Chicago. The boy in company with his father and mother arrived at the lake Saturday to spend a few days at the home of his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Jennings, who own a cottage on that lake.

Near eleven o'clock Sunday forenoon Mr. Lippert with two young lady companions were sitting near the shore when they heard the cries of the four year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, who while playing in a boat had been pushed from shore by another child and was floating about a hundred feet away. Lippert who was in his bathing suit waded out a short distance and then started to swim to the boat, when within a few feet of the boat he began to tire and told the child to give him an oar but somehow he failed to reach it and sank. Although he went down in plain sight of witnesses, and aid was at once summoned and a most diligent search kept up the body was not recovered until three o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The inquest was held the same evening and the remains were sent to Chicago on the evening train.

The young man was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Lippert of 4514 Evans ave., Chicago, and was employed as a chauffeur in a Michigan ave. garage. He was known by his friends to be a young man of exceptionally good principles and upright character and was regarded by his employer as one of his most clean, honest, and dependable employees. He was an all round athlete and one who would be the last that one would suppose would fall a victim to the waves.

MRS. E. G. PAYNE DIED LAST FRIDAY AT ROCKEFELLER

Mrs. E. G. Payne, an old and respected resident of Lake county, well known in Waukegan and throughout the county, died at her home at Rockefeller Friday afternoon after an illness of several years consequent upon the infirmities of old age, she being well on toward the three score and ten mark. Her husband E. G. Payne, survives her as well as one son, Harry Payne, who is cashier of the bank at Rockefeller. Funeral services were held at the home Sunday afternoon at one o'clock. The Payne family is one of the oldest and best known in Lake county. Thomas Payne, father of E. G. Payne was a pioneer in the county, and was one of the earliest members of the Board of Supervisors.

Joy of Living.

The legitimate joy of living is the prize of sanity, courage and sympathy. The sight of all the preventable diseases and the moral disasters that are avoidable may, and often must, draw a cloud over the day. The still, sad music of humanity is not always soothing to those who hear it, and sometimes makes cheerfulness seem criminal. Yet the cheerful, happy souls are the bringers of blessing to the disconsolate and the victims of sin and sorrow. Every human being has a right to be happy if he can, and indeed he is under obligation to set the example to others who live under darkened skies. It is a help and comfort to the down-trodden and the oppressed to know that there is such a thing as liberty, and that it is obtainable. The sight of an innocent, happy child will often bring comfort to a sorrowful heart. He who is unselfishly happy because he is at peace with himself and attuned to the harmonies of nature is in the proper mood to serve his fellow-men.

MOSQUITO BITE IS FATAL

Mrs. Ethel Hawkins Dies From the Effect of a Mosquito Bite

Mrs. Ethel Adeline Hawkins 23 years of age, wife of Orin Hawkins, who resided south of the state line near Russell, and a daughter of Geo. Lewin, a well known blacksmith, died Saturday night at 9:30 o'clock at her home as the result of a mosquito bite, probably the first death of the kind ever reported in this part of the country. The bite was inflicted on Monday, July 7, and steadily grew worse, despite medical attention, until it resulted in her death.

A little over a week ago Mrs. Hawkins' 18 months old child was bitten on the cheek by a mosquito. The bite seemed to poison the face of the child and the mother cared for it tenderly, bathing the sting with an antiseptic solution several times a day.

A few days ago the mother also was bitten by a mosquito, the sting being inflicted on her forehead. She did not think much of the matter and paid little attention to it, other than to attempt to allay the itching by scratching.

In so doing she is believed to have infected the bite on her forehead either with her finger nails or with the poison that developed from the sting her child had received for the blotch on her forehead became worse rapidly. At first it developed into erysipelas. This soon turned into blood poison, finally affecting her brain.

Dr. Billmeyer of Zion City, was summoned and he did all in his power for the woman. Dr. Foley of Waukegan also was called in but neither physician was able to save the young woman's life. The death is one of the most unusual and saddest that has taken place in the county in a long time.

Besides her husband she leaves two small children and her parents. Funeral was held at the Russell church at 11 o'clock with interment in the Mount Rest cemetery at Rosecrans.

DADY SENDS STENOGRAPHER TO HEAR SERMON

Wilbur Glenn Voliva, it seems, did not discuss State's Attorney Dady in his sermon Sunday so people went there for the express purpose of hearing the promised sermon were considerably disappointed.

Among those who were disappointed because Wilbur Glenn Voliva, of Zion, did not fulfill his promise of conducting a "Dady Day" service in Shiloh tabernacle, was State's Attorney R. J. Dady.

Mr. Dady did not go personally to the service but sent his stenographer who was prepared to take down in short hand anything the speaker might say about Mr. Dady. The young woman arrived at the tabernacle at two-thirty o'clock and remained until five thirty o'clock and not one word had been said about Mr. Dady during that time.

FREQUENTLY FORGOT RING

Nervous Bridesmaids Overlook Important Feature of Marriage Ceremony—Substitute Sometimes Used.

This warning has been given many times to the nervous bridegroom on the morning of the great event of his life. One would hardly think it necessary to remind a man of so important a feature of the ceremony. Yet, again and again has the agitated bridegroom found himself in the awful predicament of being minus the hoop of gold. And distressing are the scenes which sometimes ensue. In some instances, the clergyman has come to the rescue. At one wedding, when the bridegroom confessed that he had forgotten the ring, the minister promptly drew a bunch of keys from his pocket, handed the largest of the bunch to the embarrassed young man, who looked stupidly at the large loop at its end. The bride, however, had the presence of mind to thrust the proper finger through the loop, whereupon the bridegroom, prompted by the clergyman, said in a dazed fashion: "With this ring I thee wed." Another clergyman, at a suburban wedding, supplied the suddenly discovered deficiency by removing his eyeglasses, slipping out one of the lenses, and offering the gold rim to the bride. She had tact enough to accept the strange substitute without question.

Ounce of Prevention.

When little visitors come in to play with the children mothers will do well to put certain toys away, such as whistles, horns, and any musical instruments that must be placed to the lips. It is unsanitary for general use to be made of such toys. An unexpected sore throat or mouth may trouble one of the little visitors or entertainers and the ailment be thus transmitted. It is a good plan to sterilize such toys occasionally, using borax in hot water, drying in the oven to prevent rust.

FIRES ABOUT COUNTY

Lightning is Cause of Several Big Fires the Fore Part of the Week

HEAVY LOSSES REPORTED

Lawler Ice Co., Louis Hegeman, George Coulman and Others Among the Losers

On Sunday lightning caused a fire which destroyed the house on the Louie Hegeman farm south of Wilmot, which at present is occupied by Paul Rooney. The entire contents were consumed and the hired man, who was sleeping up stairs, had a narrow escape from death by suffocation.

The big barn on the Slocum farm, 1 mile west of Rosecrans was burned to the ground about 6 o'clock Monday night when a bolt of lightning struck it and despite the efforts of neighbors, the flames kept eating the building and contents until nothing but a mass of ruins remained.

The place has been rented by Herbert Shea, but he did not live in the farm house. The barn was full of hay and straw and none was saved. Had the terrific downpour of rain not been in progress at the time it is felt that the other buildings including the house, would have been consumed. Mr. Shea carried no insurance.

At just about the same hour lightning struck the large 10-room ice house of the Lawler Ice company at Twin Lakes and burned enough of the building to cause a loss of \$100,000. A large force of men was rushed to the lakes Tuesday to hasten the repairs and save the big pile of ice which was exposed during the day.

The house which was burned contained 10 rooms and six of them were filled with ice about 40,000 standing as a monument of what there was before.

Mr. Lawler, in a long distance message from Chicago, declared that the entire plant is a practical loss and also stated that a force of men would be put to work shipping the uncovered ice to Chicago just as quick as the insurance was adjusted.

The same evening the barn on the George Coulman farm near Wilmot was also struck and it with its entire contents was burned to the ground.

JUSTICE ISAACS PERFORMS MARRIAGE CEREMONY

Last week Wednesday afternoon, the marriage of Miss Julia Boden and Mr. Fred Korth both of Chicago was solemnized at the home of Justice of the Peace Harry Isaacs, in this village. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Mabel Boden and also Misses A. Milton Kurl and S. Beatrice Drout. Benjamin Bahlenhorst acted as best man, J. Clarence Schult and J. Percival Kurl were also of the wedding party.

Friends who witnessed the ceremony were: Mrs. Wm. Weber, Mrs. Peter Griebel, Mrs. Sigmund Fisher, Miss B. Myrtle Weber, and J. Michael Reedy, H. Peter Griebel, O. August Muff and Master H. Bernell Griebel.

Upon their return to Loon Lake where the merry party are camping they were heartily welcomed with a shower of old shoes, while wash tubs and other musical instruments were brought out to furnish sufficient noise for the occasion.

Both young people are quite well known at Loon Lake as they have been spending their summer vacations there for some years past. Their friends are extending congratulations.

World Beyond Our Ken.

There are noises louder than thunder which we cannot hear, the roar that lies on the other side of silence. We men are poor, restless prisoners, hemmed in by our senses as by the wall of a cell, hearing only a part of Nature's orchestra and that part imperfectly; seeing only a thousandth part of the color marvels about us and seeing that infinitesimal part incorrectly and partially.—From "Unpathed Waters," by Frank Harris.

MULHALL ON STAND

DECLARES N. A. M. SECRETARY
AGREED TO PAY FOR HIS
LABORS IN CAPITAL.

"AID TO MCOMAS A TRAITOR"

Asserts Senator's Secretary Was in
the Employ of Cushing—Also Al-
leges Congressman Who Favored
Labor Legislation Was Defeated.

Washington, July 15.—The senate lobby committee again had Martin M. Mulhall on the witness stand Saturday. The former agent for the National Association of Manufacturers was closely guarded so as to defeat any move that the house committee might make to secure Mulhall as a witness before that lobby until they had his full "confession."

After Mulhall had been on the stand for nearly five hours the committee took a recess. Senator Overman excused Mulhall for the day and permitted him to go to New York, where he had important business.

On resuming the stand Mulhall took up the identification of his letters. Before he could begin, however, James C. Emery, counsel for the National Association of Manufacturers, made a formal request upon the committee for the right of the association to be represented by an attorney. Robert McCarthy, former attorney general of New Jersey, was presented as the attorney. Chairman Overman said the committee would decide later whether McCarthy should have the general privileges of an attorney for the association.

Mulhall identified more letters showing his relations with Marshall Cushing, secretary of the National Association of Manufacturers. He testified he had an understanding with Cushing that he was to receive \$100 a week and \$40 a week for expenses for "general field work and lobby work in Washington."

Mulhall testified further of how he worked to defeat the late Senator McComas of Maryland, although he posed as the senator's friend. He said he had received 500 letters from Cushing directed against McComas.

"I turned them over to Carl M. Downs, secretary to McComas," he added.

"Do you mean you delivered these letters against McComas to his secretary?" demanded Senator Reed.

"Carl M. Downs was in the pay of Cushing," replied the witness, who went on to explain that he quarreled with Cushing because he was "buying out" the secretary of a senator.

A letter to Senator Foraker, September 9, 1904, referred to a suggestion that Mulhall go to Rhode Island to help Senator Aldrich in his campaign. He testified he went later at the request of Aldrich.

Washington, July 14.—Col. Martin M. Mulhall appeared before the lobby investigating committee of the United States senate during a special night session on Friday and gave that body part of his confession.

Mulhall took the stand and subscribed to the oath with a smile. Senator Reed, designated by Chairman Overman to examine the witness, began by placing in evidence a list of the officers of the National Association of Manufacturers in 1907 and a list of the members of the association. Mulhall said he was born in 1850 and had lived in Baltimore more than thirteen years. He said before he went with the National Association of Manufacturers he was "principally in politics," and was connected with the Republican national committee.

"I refused a bribe of \$5,000 and a life position in the naval service in 1892," said Mulhall. "That year I had charge of the Republican campaign in Albany and Rensselaer counties, New York. Previous to that I had charge of William McKinley's gubernatorial campaign in Ohio."

The witness said he first became interested in the National Association of Manufacturers in 1902, when he met Marshall Cushing, its secretary, in a Washington hotel. Senator Reed asked him about his relations with labor. He said the late Senator Quay of Pennsylvania sent him to confer with John Mitchell, during the anthracite strike in the Pennsylvania fields in 1902 to get the "inside story." During that time Mulhall said he arranged for a conference between Governor Stone of Pennsylvania and three labor leaders. The first Mulhall letter introduced was addressed to Mitchell in February, 1902, relating to these meetings. A letter of March 18, 1902, from Mulhall to Mitchell declared that the leaders of the Republican organization could do more for the miners' union "than any arbitration board in existence."

A letter dated May 17, 1902, from Mulhall to Mitchell told of a conference between Mulhall and Governor Stone at which Stone expressed sympathy with the miners.

\$50,000 Loss by Fire.
Marion, O., July 14.—The Erie Railway company suffered a loss of about \$50,000 here when an ice house, one of the largest in the country, and a part of a transfer station was burned. The fire was of incendiary origin.

Chicago Wins Endeavor Convention.
Los Angeles, Cal., July 14.—Chicago was chosen for the next biennial session of the International Christian Endeavor society, in July, 1915. The vote was made unanimous after several ballots had been taken.

GREAT TREES ENDANGERED BY FIRE



Forest fires on the slopes of Mt. Tamalpais have endangered the giant sequoias of California, and the peril is not yet over. The photograph gives a vivid idea of the size of these monster trees.

12 KILLED, 50 INJURED

TWENTY MORE VICTIMS MAY DIE
FROM COLLISION.

B. & O. Flyer, Westbound, Hits
Street Car at Cambridge, O.—
Storm Cuts Off Communication.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 15.—Twelve persons were killed and about fifty were injured Sunday night when a Pacific electric interurban train ran into another one at Vineyard station, a junction on the outskirts of Los Angeles.

Several three-car trains on the Pacific Electric line, en route to Los Angeles from Venice and Ocean Park, were stalled at the Vineyard switch by a broken trolley wire. There were no lights, and apparently a flagman had not been sent out. Without warning another three-car train from Venice swept around the curve and crashed into the last train at forty miles an hour.

The last two cars in the rear train stalled on the line were completely telescoped by the fast-moving train, which plunged through the coaches, loaded to the doors with holiday seekers. There were approximately one thousand people on the trains involved in the accident. Many were killed outright and others died before they could be removed from the debris.

Newark, O., July 15.—Six persons were killed and 18 were injured, several probably fatally, when a Baltimore & Ohio passenger train from Wheeling, W. Va., to Chicago, crashed into a street car at a Cambridge (O.) grade crossing on Sunday. A storm sweeping through this section of Ohio carried down the telephone wires.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 15.—Twelve persons were killed and about fifty were injured Sunday night when a Pacific electric interurban train ran into another one at Vineyard station, a junction on the outskirts of Los Angeles. It is feared that at least 20 more will be added to the death list.

The crash occurred in a cut at the junction of the Santa Monica and Venice lines on the edge of the city.

DANIELS IS GUEST OF HONOR

Secretary of Navy Makes Address at
Perry Centennial Celebration
in Erie, Pa.

Erie, Pa., July 11.—Secretary of the Navy Daniels was the guest of honor at the Perry centennial celebration here, and in the afternoon he delivered the speech of the day, standing under the shadow of the old reclaimed brig Niagara at the public dock. A luncheon was served to the secretary of the navy at noon at the home of Mrs. Charles H. Strong, after which he went to the public dock, where he delivered his speech in the presence of 20,000 people.

U. S. Demands Release of Americans.

Washington, July 14.—Secretary Garrison ordered Col. Edwin P. Brewer of the Fourteenth cavalry at Fort McIntosh, Tex., to demand the release of five Americans, with 350 cattle and 30 horses, held by Mexican revolutionists.

Tense Situation in Havana.

Havana, July 15.—A tense political situation exists here in consequence of the assassination of General Riva. Reports were current that followers of General Asbert would attempt to storm the jail and liberate the prisoners.

500 Suffer From Poison.

Dayton, O., July 15.—Physicians were busy following hurry calls sent in by nearly four-fifths of the 500 persons who were taken sick with ptomaine poisoning shortly after returning from a picnic.

Stefansson Off for Pole.

Nome, Alaska, July 15.—Vilhjalmur Stefansson left Nome on the polar exploration ship Karluk Sunday, going as far as Port Clarence, where the engines will be given a thorough overhauling.

FIRE PERILS TOWN

MICHIGAN CITY, IND., IS THREAT-
ENED BEFORE BLAZE IS
UNDER CONTROL.

LOSS PLACED AT \$1,000,000

Flames Rage in Huge Lumber Yards—
Dynamite and Salt Used to Stop
Spread of Flames—Ald Summoned
From Nearby Cities.

Michigan City, Ind., July 15.—This city suffered a property loss of over \$1,000,000 on Saturday, when the huge lumber yards of the Haskell & Barker Car company burned. The blaze was seen by citizens of towns a hundred miles away. For a time it appeared that the entire city was doomed.

Appeals for aid were sent to nearby cities. Chicago rushed fire companies with their apparatus, under Battalion Chief Edward Buckley, to the fire on a special train.

In the meantime dynamite was sent from Gary, Ind., and was used in an attempt to check the flames.

The fire started in the south end of the yards, near the Michigan Central railroad. The fire company of Michigan City responded at once. It was handicapped by too few men, inadequate apparatus and the fact that there were few hydrants in the vicinity of the fire. The flames spread quickly to the north.

Before the arrival of the Chicago companies hundreds of volunteers carried lumber from the unburned parts of the yard to a distance of safety.

The Haskell & Barker Car company is owned by Miss Katherine Barker, the property being held in trust by the First Title Trust company of Chicago. It is one of the largest concerns of its kind in the world and is situated on the east outskirts of Michigan City, east of the Michigan Central tracks. The sand dunes surround it on the west and north. The loss is fully covered by insurance.

At 1:30 o'clock Sunday morning the fire was under control. The great danger is that the wind may spring up and carry the flames to the plant of the Midland Chair company.

PLANS TO AID U. S. SAILORS

Secretary of the Navy Daniels Declares
He Will Make Service More
Attractive.

Chicago, July 15.—With the aim of making a thorough inspection of the naval yards, training stations and equipment on the Pacific coast, Joseph Daniels, secretary of the navy, accompanied by his wife, spent six hours in Chicago Sunday.

The secretary said his trip at this time has not the remotest connection with the Japanese agitation that has arisen in California. He said his tour there is part of his program to visit all naval stations throughout the country for the purpose of familiarizing himself with them and enabling him to map out in a comprehensive way the program he has in view during his occupancy of the secretaryship.

Asked regarding the changes and improvements he proposes to make in the navy and its equipment during his term of office, he said: "The most marked change is in connection with the enlisted men. I wish to make the service more attractive than it has been in the past and remove from it the vestige that it is simply a position of drudgery."

Becker Denied New Trial.

New York, July 15.—Charles Becker, application for a new trial on the charge of murdering the gambler, Herman Rosenthal, was denied by Supreme Court Justice Goff. Counsel had sought to reopen the case.

Lake Boat Sinks; Two Drown.

Erie, Pa., July 15.—The steamer Anabella Wilson, bound for Port Colborne, Ont., was sunk in a heavy storm which swept Lake Erie. Capt. Daniel McIntyre and his wife were drowned, but the crew were rescued.

U. S. CROP REPORT IN

CEREAL YIELD EXPECTED TO BE
LOWER THAN IN 1912.

Aggregate in the Leading Grains
Placed at 4,929,000,000 Bushels—
Corn Acreage Less.

Washington, July 11.—The government crop report for July issued Thursday indicates bountiful crops of all the cereals, but the total production this year will be far below the grand total for last year, when there were record yields of nearly all the leading grains.

The total yield of the leading cereals is placed at 4,929,000,000 bushels, compared with 5,561,000,000 bushels a year ago.

The big loss compared with a year ago is in oats, which promise a yield of 1,031,000,000 bushels, against 1,418,000,000 bushels a year ago. Corn is short 154,000,000 bushels and the total wheat crop is 29,000,000 bushels less than last year. Barley is 59,000,000 bushels less than a year ago at 165,000,000 bushels.

Spring wheat promises to yield 112,000,000 bushels less than a year ago, with an indicated crop of 218,000,000 bushels. Winter wheat will be 82,000,000 bushels heavier at 482,000,000 bushels, the total wheat crop being 701,000,000 bushels, compared with 730,000,000 bushels as finally estimated in 1912.

The first report on corn for the season shows a high condition, 36.9, but the acreage is smaller than last year at 106,884,000 acres.

Last year the corn acreage was 108,110,000 acres and the condition July 1 was 81.5. The crop promise on that date was for no larger crop than at present, although the final estimate of the crop was 3,125,000,000 bushels, while the report issued suggests a harvest of 2,971,000,000 bushels, or 154,000,000 bushels less than in 1912.

SPARKS FROM
THE WIRE

Leavenworth, Kan., July 12.—Michael J. Young, Boston, Mass., and Charles Wachmeister, Detroit, Mich., two of the alleged dynamiters received at the federal prison January 1, were released on bonds.

Galveston, Tex., July 10.—The first shipload of banana stalks has arrived in the city from Central America. They are consigned to factory for the purpose of producing fiber and materials that will be used in place of cotton waste.

Bayfield, Wis., July 11.—George Andrews, logger, loaded six stumps with dynamite and lighted all the fuses. One of the fuses appeared to have failed, and, after waiting a minute, Andrews went to relight it. As he leaned over the stump the charge exploded and killed him instantly.

Newport, R. I., July 11.—A farm, small but fully equipped with modern appliances, is the latest "toy" of Vinson Walsh McLean, the \$100,000,000 baby.

Newport, England, July 12.—Mrs. Humphreys Mackworth, the richest militant suffragette in England, was tried and found guilty of smashing letter boxes for the "cause" and was fined \$100. Mrs. Mackworth was arrested on June 28 after she had demolished a number of letter boxes and destroyed the contents.

Threatens U. S. Embassy.

Mexico City, July 15.—An anonymous letter containing threats to blow up the United States embassy was received by Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson and immediately referred to the Mexican foreign office.

Secretary Daniels Starts Tour.

Washington, July 15.—Secretary Daniels left for a three weeks' tour of inspection of Pacific coast navy yards and stations. Mr. Daniels was accompanied by Mrs. Daniels and his aid, Commander L. C. Palmer.

RAIL STRIKE IS OFF

HOUSE AND SENATE PASS NEW
LANDS BILL AMENDING
ERDMAN LAW.

ARBITRATION BODY INCREASED

Wilson Signs Measure Creating Three
More Members to Body That
Will Endeavor to Settle
Disputes.

Washington, July 16.—The Newlands bill to amend the Erdman act was passed by the house and senate Tuesday. The president signed the bill a few hours later.

The railroad and labor representatives thereupon promised to submit their contentions to arbitration, and there will be no strike of the trainmen of the eastern roads, at least until after such arbitration has taken place.

President Wilson characterized the conference as "simple and satisfactory."

"Both parties were willing to end their differences under the Newlands amendment to the Erdman act, if this amendment could be passed," said the president. "The railroads felt that three arbitrators, as provided by the original Erdman act, were not a sufficient number to deal with the question, and the Newlands amendment will increase the board to six."

"The railroad representatives also desired an independent board of arbitration, which is provided by the Newlands bill. It is expected that the measure will be passed by both houses and signed by me by nightfall. This, I hope, will put an end to the differences between the railroads and the employees, and both sides will be able by arbitration to settle all their differences amicably."

President Wilson spent practically all of his time before the conference going through a mass of documents on the subject, and went to meet the others with the belief that there were no serious obstacles to be overcome, although he felt that the question of the composition of the board of arbitration—the principal point at issue—was most important.

It was explained that the roads' chief objection to Erdman act arbitration was that too much responsibility rested upon a single man—the third or neutral arbitrator.

DENIES CHARGE OF MULHALL

Representative Fairchild of New York
First Witness of the House
Committee.

Washington, July 15.—For the first time lobby hearings were proceeding on Monday at both ends of the capitol. While M. M. Mulhall continued to identify letters delivered to him by the New York World and offered in evidence before the senate committee, the house special committee sat in open session to receive a statement from Representative George W. Fairchild of New York, who, Mulhall charges, as a member of the National Association of Manufacturers, assisted at political meetings and dinners of the association in forwarding certain legislation.

Mr. Fairchild denied scintillations all of the Mulhall charges, declaring that he never was a member of the National Association of Manufacturers, had not attended their dinners and had never met men named by Mulhall as having been in conference with him. He informed the committee that Mulhall had been in his district during the 1906, 1910, and 1912 campaigns, on each occasion for only a day or two, doing detective work, coming in 1906 and 1910 at the request of Republican campaign managers, who paid his expenses.

Mr. Fairchild said he had copies of all correspondence between himself and Mulhall and would furnish them to the committee. He was excused without cross-examination, but will be recalled after the committee begins the examination of witnesses.

Much interest centered at the senate committee meeting in the declaration of Mulhall that for months he had been trying to obtain the publication of his letter files without cost, and that he had declined to accept \$150,000 offered by the National Association of Manufacturers for the letters. The facts regarding the arrangement finally made for publication of the Mulhall story were left for another session, when the witness will present documents now at his home in Baltimore and when other parties to the transaction will testify. The National Association of Manufacturers has been ordered to present all papers.

Save Eighty From Flood.

Marletta, O., July 16.—Eighty passengers, the majority of them women and children, stood in water up to their necks and faced death near five hours, while a frantically working train crew rescued the entire number.

Silt Skirt Brings \$5 Fine.

Newark, O., July 16.—Mrs. M. Livingston of Cleveland, arrested for wearing a decided silt skirt on the street, thereby attracting marked attention, was fined five dollars and costs in police court, and paid the fine.

Governor at Scene of Strike.

Lexington, Ky., July 16.—Acting Governor McDermott arrived in Lexington to look over the situation and to see if troops are needed because of the street car strike, there being no attempt to run the cars.

Libby's
Luncheon
Delicacies

Dried Beef, sliced wafer thin, Hickory Smoked, and with a choice flavor that you will remember, serve cold. Try them served like this: Cut rye bread in thin slices, spread with creamed butter and remove crusts. Cut a Libby's Vienna Sausage in half lengthwise, lay on bread. Place on top of the sausage a few thin slices of Libby's Midget Pickles. Cover with other slice of bread, press lightly together. Arrange on plate, serve garnished with parsley sprays. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.



THOMPSON'S
EYE WATER
JOHN L. THOMPSON BROS. & CO., Troy, N.Y.

ALFALFA, CORN, COTTON AND CLOVER
LANDS ranging from 50 to 250 acres. Write for list. SOUTHERN RAILROAD COMPANY, Helena, Ark.

Having a raft of friends is the only thing that keeps some people afloat.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 35c a bottle.

Every time some people try to think they make a noise like a boiler shop.

Many a spinster realizes that girls are wise who marry while yet in their teens.

Some people never talk about anything but the weather. Luckily this is the climate for them.

Some men are kept so busy maintaining their dignity that they never have time to do anything else.

Mistake.
"Here's some fish from the dealer's, marked C. O. D."
"Then it isn't ours. I ordered shad."

Safe!
The McTavish family was dining, and each member eagerly watched Mr. McTavish carving the fowl, none so eagerly, however, as the dog, for that intelligent animal never took his eyes off the bird. Suddenly the knife slipped and sent a fragment of poultry rolling on the floor.

"Mighty me," cried McTavish, "the leg, my own favorite bit. The dog get it."
"No, it won't, father," said the youngest McTavish. "He'll not get it. I've got my foot on it."—Young's Magazine.

Tired of Bossing.
When Mary went home to Ireland for a visit to the old farm, after a four years' course in general housework in America, she found a new baby brother. "And he was that spoiled you couldn't live in the same house with him," recounted Mary to her old mistress. "Such a rascal" as he had had! I told me mother 'twas different altogether from the bringin' up of us older children. 'Twas do this, an' we done it—or get a whippin'.

But with the little man now—if she says to him 'do this,' he says, 'No, I don't want to,' an' never a budge does he make. But my mother was not set back by my scoldin'. She just said, 'Oh, well, wait until you've lived as long and as much as I have, and you will get tired of bossin', too.'

FOUND A WAY

To Be Clear of Coffee Troubles.

"Husband and myself both had the coffee habit, and finally his stomach and kidneys got in such a bad condition that he was compelled to give up a good position that he had held for years. He was too sick to work. His skin was yellow, and there didn't seem to be an organ in his body that was not affected."

"I told him I felt sure his sickness was due to coffee and after some discussion he decided to give it up."

"It was a struggle, because of the powerful habit. One day we heard about Postum and concluded to try it and then it was easy to leave off coffee."

"His fearful headaches grew less frequent, his complexion began to clear, kidneys grew better until at last he was a new man altogether, as a result of leaving off coffee and taking up Postum. Then I began to drink it too."

"Although I was never as bad off as my husband, I was always very nervous and never at any time very strong, only weighing 95 lbs. before I began to use Postum. Now I weigh 115 lbs. and can do as much work as anyone my size, I think."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for booklet, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms. Regular Postum (must be boiled). Instant Postum doesn't require boiling, but is prepared instantly by stirring a level teaspoonful in an ordinary cup of hot water, which makes it right for most persons.

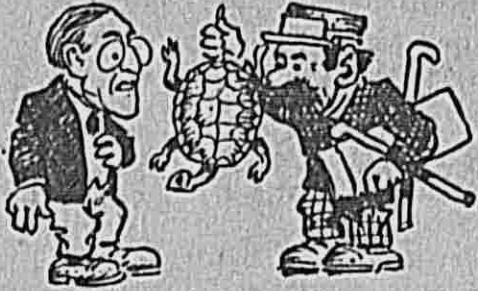
A big cup requires more and some people who like strong things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

An Unending Procession of Many Strange Gifts



WASHINGTON. — Thousands of gifts, from millionaire and laboring man, constantly remind President Wilson that, though he is constitutionally precluded from receiving presents from prince, potentate or foreign power, the people of his own country do not forget him. In unending procession the gifts have come.

The stream of gifts to the new president started on the day of his induction into office. It will continue with more or less intermittence until the day he ceases to be president of the United States. The gifts are marked by a catholicity of choice that is truly amazing.

These unknown friends of the chief executive do not confine the mediums by which the gifts are sent to any one carrier; in fact, the methods chosen to send them, large and small, are almost as varied as the gifts.

A favorite method is the old and tried "personal messenger" plan, whereby strenuous efforts are made to deliver the gift in person. The proposed donor, or his agent, will search the very heavens as well as

the earth to find a plausible excuse to get by the watchdogs of the secret service and Secretary Tumulty and take the "little token of affection and esteem" to the president in person.

If the distance is too great for the giver to reach Washington—or if he has no acquaintance here—or if he cannot prevail upon his congressman to present the gift for him—it will be reluctantly trusted to the tender mercy of the express companies or the mails. During the present administration the favorite method of sending the smaller articles to the White House has been by parcel post. Larger packages from unknown senders are always opened at a safe distance from the executive rooms, to provide against unpleasant possibilities.

The nature of the gifts varies in such a way that the president might possess a good start toward collecting a museum of curiosities or even establishing a zoological park. Pamphlets and books enough to furnish a good-sized library accumulate every few weeks. Just for the sake of variety a mud turtle, sent by admirers on the eastern shore of Maryland, was found, carefully wrapped, in the morning's mail one day not long ago. The reptile had not been harmed in any way and was immediately turned loose in the expanse of the White House grounds, where he may thrive for many years.

Grave and Logical Treatise on Reformed Sea Talk

IT has been gravely and logically urged that the substitution of "right" and "left" for "starboard" and "port" in the navy makes it much easier for inexperienced men to learn to steer. How many other changes could be made with a similar end in view?

For instance it surely must rasp the nerves of the green landsman on a warship to hear an officer during gun drill snap out the command "Silence." How much better it would be for the officer to say in a bland and soothing voice, "Gentlemen, will you be kind enough to come to order."

The next command has always been "Cast loose and provide." This has a rude twang. How much prettier it would be to say, "Friends, prepare this piece of artillery for use against the enemy and bring up the ammunition from downstair."

During the silent watches of the night one hears on the warships now such dialogues as this:

"Masthead there!"
"Aye, aye, sir."
"How does that light bear now?"
"Two points and a quarter off the starboard bow, sir."
"Wouldn't it be better if it were something like this:



"Friend Jones, are you awake?"
"Yes, indeed, sir."
"Well, then, will you be kind enough to tell me in what direction you see that light?"

"The line of its direction, sir, is about thirty feet to the right of the flag pole on the front end of the ship."

And when the lookout first sees the light, instead of dropping the brusque exclamation, "Light, ho!" down on the deck like an anarchist's bomb, why shouldn't he mellifluously ejaculate, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I see a light."

More power to Josephus Daniels and his policy. With a little diligence and patience such terms as "slush-bucket," "squeegie," "handy-billy," "Johnny Legs" and "gangway" may be translated into English that any land-lubber in the navy or outside it can understand.

Only One Who Could See All That Was Going On



A SOCIAL atmosphere was given to an Avenue car by the majority of the passengers, who were obviously out for an early evening ride.

The one serious person aboard was the motorman, who kept a firm grip on his lever and looked ahead with ever-watchful eye.

Each time the car stopped for a minute to let passengers get on or off people scuttled across the track without the least apparent fear of being run over, and even when the big thing was whizzing along women who were only a few yards ahead would sprint in front of it as if they revelled in the risk—not counting an occasional man who looked as if he

might be sensible enough to realize the disadvantages of injury or sudden death. This reckless flirtation with danger surprised at least one passenger who sat on a front seat and could see what was going on.

"Say, motorman, I'm a stranger in this burg. What's the matter with the people here; taking chances as if the car couldn't hurt 'em if it tried? First thing you know, you're going to be stopped by an inhabitant or two under the wheel. Do you folks go on like this as a regular thing? And don't you ever have to make use of your coroner?"

"Habit, I guess. I suppose they know we are keeping a sharp lookout all the time. When I've come near an accident I can't sleep well for nights thinking of it—hi there!"

The motorman stopped his just-started car with a mighty wrench that jerked it to a standstill.

Otherwise a young person in white ratine, with high-heeled slippers and a floppy Panama, would have had her name in the papers next day.

In the death notices.

Family of 13 Triumphs Over Civil Service Law

THIS is a story of how a meritorious case and a family of thirteen put one over the civil service commission. After six years of waiting, Richard T. Underwood of Pennsylvania has almost reached the goal he won through an examination.

A bookbinder, Mr. Underwood passed in 1907 an examination that entitled him to appointment in the government printing office at \$4 a day. There was no vacancy, but his family, consisting of a wife and ten children, required support, so he accepted the place of laborer in the post-office department at \$600 a year.

Underwood was promoted Feb. 1, 1908, to an assistant messenger's position at \$720 a year.

It was discovered that before he could be promoted to a higher salary, which he deserved, in Mr. Hitchcock's opinion, it would be necessary for him to pass another civil service examination. Lack of education in youth made this impossible, so Mr.



Hitchcock wrote the facts to the president, urging that Underwood be excepted from the requirement because of his value to the department and the eleven other reasons, the wife and ten children. July 27, 1912, Mr. Taft directed his promotion without examination.

Governor Dockery recommended Underwood's promotion to \$1,000 a year, effective July 1. Postmaster General Burleson has made the necessary order. Meantime a daughter, born in February, increased Underwood's family to thirteen.

WENT EAST TO ASK FOR THE LIBERTY BELL



These young women, representing the states of the northwest, have just been on a trip to Philadelphia to ask that the Liberty bell be sent to the Panama-Pacific exposition in San Francisco in 1915. With them is Philip S. Bates, publisher of The Northwest, of Portland, Ore.

THIEVES NEVER QUIT

Once Started Continued Through Life, Say Detectives.

Sleuth Tells of Apple, Chewing Gum, Secret Packet and Dog Collar Schemes in Stores—Loss From This Source Heavy.

New York.—Four Years ago Lottie Gross married. Her husband knew that she had served a term in Moyamensing for shoplifting. But she promised him—and she meant it—that she would never steal again. And then the baby came. "I wanted pretty things for her," said Lottie. "And so I went back to the old game. If I couldn't quit for the best man in the world I guess I never can quit. Stealing is like a disease—except that it can't be cured."

That's about what the detectives think. Once a man or woman gets well started at stealing and he or she is a thief for life.

"The big stores lose more by amateur shoplifters than by professional," said D. J. Botter, manager for the criminal department of a detective agency. "A woman steals some trifling thing, that catches her eye—and gets away with it. Then she comes back—and keeps on coming back. They never let up."

Cotter takes the professional thief-catcher's view of the defense of kleptomaniacs. Now and then there may be a kleptomaniac. Most kleptomaniacs are just thieves. They get started to stealing—and it's like rolling a snowball down hill—the stealing grows.

"There was the woman we may call Anna Eva," he said. "She is one of the most dangerous professional store thieves and shoplifters—there is a difference in the terms—in the country. Her husband is a captain of a lake vessel. So is one of her sons. They have a good home at Cleveland, where the daughter is married to a good man. But Anna Eva began to steal. She has been a professional thief for years, and now has a prison record."

"Mind you, she has no criminal associates. I do not suppose she knows another thief to speak to, though she may know them by sight. She has nothing to do with other crooks. She just steals. She travels most of the time, living at good hotels. She is a kindly, placid, pleasant woman of middle age—and a professional thief. Like all the others, she began as an amateur."

"I don't know that there are any particularly new schemes against which store managers should be on

the alert," said Cotter. "Every one knows the old trick with a hunk of chewing gum. The first thief sticks a ring under the ledge of the counter with the gum. Then the other comes along and runs his hand under the counter edge and gets the ring and vamooses. Open umbrellas are often used as receptacles.

The neatest trick turned lately was in the west, when a good looking, well dressed man sauntered into a jewelry store with an apple in his hand. He looked at a tray filled with valuable rings.

"Wah!" he suddenly sputtered. "This apple is wormy."

Whereupon he threw the apple into the street. The confederate, on the lookout, picked up the apple and the gem which had been hidden in it and made off. An almost equally nifty device is to equip the collar of a pet dog with a secret pocket. When the stolen ring has been placed in the pocket, while the operator is petting the animal, it leaps to do.

"Catch my dear little doggie," yelps the bereaved shoplifter.

Every one hurries to oblige. The dear little doggie fits its little tail into the groove and scampers for home, as it has been trained to do.

The shoplifter profits by the fact that the managers of stores hesitate

to prosecute. They believe that honest customers are inclined to shun stores in which such arrests are frequently made, fearing that an entirely innocent action might lead to an unpleasant seizure and search. But the total loss by shoplifting and by store thieves is so great that the National Retail Dry Goods association was recently formed for co-operation in protection.

DOG SACRIFICES ITS LIFE

Little Canine Makes Vain Attempt to Save Owner in Burning House.

London.—A touching story of a Pomeranian dog's vain attempt to save the life of its owner, who was fatally burned in a fire at Grosvenor-gardens recently, is being told here.

The victim of the fire was Mrs. Southgate, young wife of a chauffeur in the service of Count Apponyi. She was seen by a policeman standing at a window with her clothes in flames.

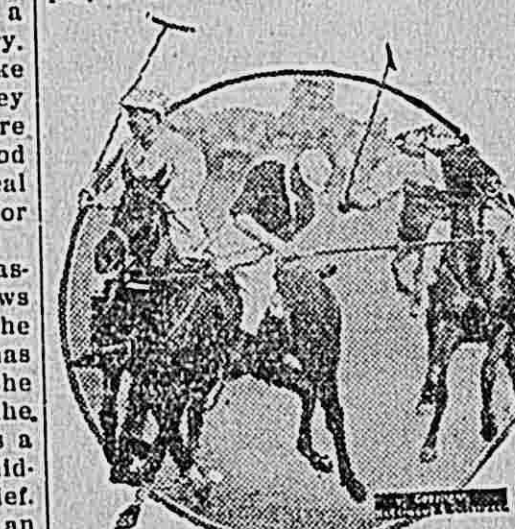
While the officer and a chauffeur were breaking down the front door the little dog was seen jumping up at the window, barking frantically. He then rushed back to his mistress and apparently attempted to put out her burning clothing with his paws.

When an entrance was effected the woman was found to be in a dying condition and the little dog was dead.

IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT

One of the Thrilling Scenes from Hardest Fought Sporting Contest Ever Witnessed.

New York.—Those who have followed the international polo match played between the English and the



Thrilling Moment. American teams at Meadow Brook, Long Island, have little conception of

the strenuous game polo, when played as these champion poloists play it really is. The photograph vividly portrays an intense moment of the second game of the international match played June 14, when the following players (left to right) Waterbury, Frenke and Milburn (Americans in white shirts, English in dark shirts) were engaged in a hair raising scrimmage as Captain Frenke sent a smashing drive, but failed to make a goal.

YOUNG BRIDE SUES PARENTS

Wife of Seventeen Years Takes Playthings of Childhood to Her New Home.

Denver, Colo.—Three dolls and a teddy bear.

As Constable Sam C. Dorsey of Justice Rice's court called off these articles from a long list of children's playthings, Edith V. Chase, a seventeen-year-old bride, sorted them from a pile heaped high in the outer office. She was to take them to her home—her new home—following a decision of the court in a replevin action that she was entitled to the playthings of her childhood, even though her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Willis, attempted to retain them when their daughter became the wife of S. L. Chase, son of Adjutant General Chase, last December. The marriage was objected to because of the girl's tender years.

Other things in the lot were a little red wagon, a post card with soldier buttons on it, a magic lantern, one school cook-book, two skirts for a doll, one picture of Cupid, and other things, with a value only to the one who has possessed them in childhood.

BOY HELD AS BLACKMAILER

Telegraph Runner, Aged Fifteen, Confesses to Attempted Extortion in London.

Paris.—A telegraph boy, aged fifteen, was arrested on a charge of attempted blackmail. He and his comrades at a branch postoffice had been in the habit of opening telegrams and reading them. In this way the boy learned of an intrigue that was being carried on by a married woman. He wrote demanding \$30 as the price of his silence, but his letter fell into the hands of the woman's uncle, who gave him in charge. The lad confessed, but the woman declined to prosecute.

CROP CONDITIONS IN WESTERN CANADA

ARE THE MOST PROMISING FOR MANY YEARS.

The deepest interest is attached to the condition of the grain crops in Western Canada, especially among the thousands in the United States who are financially interested in lands in that country. This interest is fully as great among those who have friends there following farming and the growing of grain.

The reports from Canadian government officials convey the information that the area under crop this year in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta will probably be no greater than that of last year. Last fall the weather was such that there was not as much fall plowing as had been hoped for. The getting ready of land this spring made a considerable portion of the grain late in seeding. Notwithstanding this, wheat, oats, barley and flax were got in in good shape, although from a week to ten days later than last year. On the 27th of June the reports regarding crop conditions generally in Western Canada were: "Abundant sunshine with timely and copious rain throughout Western Canada gives every assurance of generous harvest. Climatic conditions in recent weeks have been absolutely ideal. Western correspondents agree in predicting every indication of a bumper crop under favorable conditions. Wheat should be headed out in Manitoba between July 10th and 12th, and in Saskatchewan and Alberta from 15th to 17th. The oat crop is looking well, although late and rather short in straw."

This is followed by a report July 5th: "Crop conditions continue in same satisfactory condition as last week. Plentiful rains have fallen all over prairie provinces, followed by general warm and splendid growing weather. Experts agree sufficient moisture for many weeks, while crop is ten to fifteen days late, prospects are extremely favorable and conditional upon reasonable weather for next four weeks. Splendid western crop is assured."

There is, therefore, the best reason to anticipate most magnificent crops throughout Western Canada in 1913.—Advertisement.

Her Lucky Day.

Frances is only a little girl, but she has a quick mind and the gift of language that sometimes distinguishes children who associate much with their elders. The other day Frances came home to her mother with cheeks like roses and eyes like stars.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, happily, "I've had the best luck this morning! I got downtown just at the psychological moment!"

"Did you dear?" was mother's pleased inquiry. "And what happened?"

"Said Frances, solemnly: "I saw a parade."

We know a persistent salesman who wonders if it would be worth while to show St. Peter the latest card index system.

A man should be a credit to himself, but he wants a little cash thrown in.

SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

Two Women Tell How They Escaped the Surgeon's Knife by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Swarthmore, Penn. — "For fifteen years I suffered untold agony, and for one period of nearly two years I had hemorrhages and the doctors told me I would have to undergo an operation, but I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am in good health now. I am all over the Change of Life and cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too highly. Every woman should take it at that time. I recommend it to both old and young for female troubles." — Mrs. EMILY SUMMERSGILL, Swarthmore, Pa.



Baltimore, Md. — "My troubles began with the loss of a child, and I had hemorrhages for four months. The doctors said an operation was necessary, but I creased it and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The medicine has made me a well woman and I feel strong and do my own work." — Mrs. J. R. PICKING, 1260 Sargent St., Baltimore, Md.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, it is not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

BUY YOUR EMBROIDERIES direct at the manufactory and save the middlemen's profits; send for free catalog showing our unequalled line of robes, furnishings, stationery, trunks, dress collars and cuffs, handbags, handkerchiefs, etc., follow tops, pillowcases, etc.—LONG ISLAND EMBROIDERY WORKS, Woodmere, N.Y.

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THURSDAY, JULY, 17 1913

INTELLIGENCE OF THE ANT

Insect Gathers Seed and Makes Bread
and Biscuit—Saliva Acts
as Yeast.

The extraordinary habits of the harvester ant have long been known to naturalists, says the Independent. Certain species not only harvest and store in granaries the seeds upon which they feed, but actually plant and cultivate an annual crop of their food seeds. Still more remarkable stories are told of an ant that is common in Dalmatia, the Messor barbarus. According to Dr. Neger of the Dresden forestry school, this ant not only cuts leaves and gathers seeds, but actually makes bread or biscuit! The seeds are first sprouted, then carried into the sun and dried, then taken back to the underground chambers, where they are chewed into a dough. The dough is then finally made into thin cakes, which are baked in the sun, then carefully stored for future use.

From these observations it would appear that the art of cookery is not confined to the human race. All the cooking is done by the sun, whether in the ripening of the fruit or in the baking of bread in a stove. The heat obtained from fuel is simply stored up sunlight set free. The Arab and the native Mexican speak of ripe fruit as fruit which has been cooked in the sun. The ant has somehow learned the art of sun cookery, the saliva with which it moistens the grain taking the place of yeast and sweetening through changes set up by its influence upon starch.

TWINS HELD CRYING MATCH

Boys Adopted Ruse Whereby They
Sought to Compel Parents to Give
Them Their Gifts.

The editor of a publication devoted to humor once told an interviewer that the best sort of "funny stuff" was the spontaneous utterance of a child—a remark with which all fond parents will coincide. Made by man, humor is prone to be machine-made, but the humor of children is unintentional. All of which leads up to an incident chronicled by a father recently.

There are two children in the family—two boys. They are twins. Every year they have received sweets on their birthday. This year the wait for the goodies was seemingly longer than ever before, and each pleaded that the favor be handed out on the night before their birthday.

The father, believing that sufficient unto the day is the good as well as the evil thereof, declined to deliver the trophies before the sun arose. And just as earnestly as he refused, just as earnestly did the boys plead. Finally, in desperation, he sent them to bed.

Mother had tenderly tucked the covers around them, turned down the light, and rejoined father, when a great crying sounded from the bedroom, to which no attention was paid. This crying continued for some time, and then came a lull, in which the parents heard the crying boy remark to his brother:

"Come on now, Ray, you cry some; I'm all tired out!"

The Tale of the Earring.

A curious instance of the survival and revival of a fashion which originated in the remotest times is the earring worn by the kings of Egypt, and extremely popular among the ladies of ancient Rome, it subsequently lost favor until the gay day of the Stuart period, after which it again dropped out, and has now once more regained popularity. The very earliest mention of this form of decoration is to be found in the Book of Genesis. Jacob, it will be remembered, on reaching Bethel buried certain strange idols, among them some earrings belonging to his family. Doubtless these ornaments were regarded purely in a propitiatory light as amulets or talismans, such being still their principal office in the east today. That they are of eastern origin is certain, and among Orientals, with the exception of Greeks and Hebrews, it has always been the custom for both sexes to wear them, while frequently only one ear was adorned. Among other races, however, earrings were always worn in pairs, and by the women only.

Tennyson and His Manuscripts.

Tennyson, like Mrs. Browning, was careless regarding his manuscripts. Some weeks after leaving his lodgings in Mornington place, Hampstead, he wrote from Bonchurch, telling Coventry Patmore that he could not find his "book of Elegies—a long, butchered, ledger-like book," and asked him to make inquiries. Patmore went to Mornington place, and, being allowed to search the poet's old rooms, found the book in a closet where Tennyson had kept his tea and bread and butter. It was the unpublished manuscript of "In Memoriam."

TRIBE LEADS PECULIAR LIFE

Uriankhal at One Time Dwelled in Siberia, but Have Been Driven to China by Russians.

The Uriankhal are a poor, semi-mad tribe, who have been driven into the recesses of one of the most difficult and remote regions of Asia by stronger advancing hordes of Tartars and Siberian Russians. They used to dwell in better lands on the Siberian side, but now they are all within the Chinese empire in the peculiar mountain-locked basin around the sources of the Yenisei.

The existence of these people in this region is peculiar, says the Wide World Magazine. Long ago there was a race of people who inhabited the banks of the Yenisei in Siberia, who tilled the soil and worked metals. They made stone implements until they learned how to make bronze ones, and later they attained to the knowledge of iron. They covered the land with gigantic gravel-mounds, the burial-places of their chiefs; they drew pictures on the rocks, and wrote their strange picture language, thereby giving us a clue to their identity and helping us to know something about them.

Hordes of men from the south, however, drove them out of this good land, and they retreated to the far north, where they still exist. They live there in a bleak land of tundra, within the Arctic circle, and are called Samoyeds—primitive people who have returned almost to the status of the stone age. But a portion of the tribe remained for a time, and gradually retreated farther into the inaccessible forests to the south and east, where we now find the remnant in the remote corners of the Upper Yenisei basin. These are the Uriankhal, the forest-dwellers—or, as some call them, "the wild Uriankut." Outside food, birch bark and reindeer skin are their sole necessities. Theirs is indeed the simple life!

CAUSE OF CHILD'S MISTRUST

Many Mothers Fail to Give Babes Satisfactory Answer When Questioned About Command.

The obedience of children is often made difficult by parental uncertainty, says the Ladies Home Journal. It is sometimes forgotten that obedience is a virtue for which the co-operation of two persons is essential; one to give the orders, the other to carry them out. The initial condition is a judicious, firm and well considered giving of orders. Nothing is so demoralizing to workmen or soldiers as a series of hasty, unadvised and contradictory commands. With all the willingness in the world the sense of distrust which is thus awakened suggests disobedience.

The trouble with many children who seem not to know how to obey is that their parents do not know how to command. The orders are given hastily and changed readily on petition. Even an unwillingness to obey is made sufficient reason for withdrawing the injunction. Some of the discipline of young children is as foolish as the mother who says in answer to the question "Why?" "Because! And you know, Johnny, that when mother says 'Because' she always means 'Because!'" The child quickly perceives that the parental discipline has no more sense in it than that. The disobedience which ensues is a fair expression of distrust. Obedience begins with respect. But respect is forfeited when it is made plain that the commands are not intelligently given.

Who Is Responsible?

Gladys had been naughty, so naughty, in fact, that her mother was forced to have recourse to the time honored and only effective remedy in such cases.

This operation being successfully but painfully completed, the little girl sank into her mother's lap disconsolately.

"Mamma," she sobbed, "did gran'ma spank you when you was small?"

"Yes, dear; when I was naughty."

"Oh!"

A minute's pause, then:

"And did her mother," continued Gladys, "spank her?"

"Year, dear."

"And was she spanked, too, when she was naughty?"

"Yes."

Gladys gave a sigh of despair.

"Then who did start the silly custom?"—Answers, London.

Primrose for Memory.

The primrose of old was credited with a medicinal as well as a superstitious value. Even now in some country parts a decoction of primrose leaves is supposed to restore a failing memory, and in 1854, when Culpeper wrote his London Dispensary, the primrose was regarded as an almost universal panacea, curing "convulsions, falling sickness, palsies, etc.," and strengthening "the brain, senses and memory exceedingly." And even the healthy did not disdain to eat it, for primrose pastry was once a popular Lancashire delicacy.—London Chronicle.

Architectural Nondescripts. It is the strangest thing that while churches, museums and the finest civil buildings are all more or less true to type, there is yet no finally accepted type for a shop. Were it not for their name plates and their plate-glass windows there would be nothing characteristic about most of them. Architecturally they are nondescript, expressing nothing.

HE FOLLOWED HER ORDERS

Nurse Finds That Chinese Are Literal, but Experiment Proves Costly.

"I've always heard that the Chinese were literal," said a trained nurse. "Last week I satisfied myself on that subject. As I was hurrying off for a few days' rest I made up two brown paper parcels, which happened to be about the same size. In one was a bunch of collars and cuffs for the Chinese laundry. I was to leave this on my way out.

"The other package contained a yard of blue velvet and two handsome feather ornaments. My milliner was to call for these and have my hat ready for me on my return.

"Starch! Starch! Starch!" I said to the Chinaman as I pointed to my package and hurried out. Four days later, on my return, I stopped on the way from the station, presented my check, paid 44 cents, and came home with my package.

"There was my millinery parcel still unopened! I decided to fasten the trimmings on another hat and opened the paper, only to have fall out my collars and cuffs, which I thought had been at the laundry.

"Naturally, it took but a few minutes to open the package I'd just brought from the laundry. Yes, the Chinese are literal! My velvet and my two feathers were starched as stiff and ironed as smooth as though they'd been the shiniest of linen! They were ruined past hope!

"I took them to Mr. Laundryman. He shook his head sadly but firmly.

"You say, 'Starch! Starch! Starch!'" he repeated. My 44 cents was gone and my velvet and feathers ruined. But I had fully proved that the Chinese are literal!"

NO GAY WIDOWS LIVE HERE

When Husband Dies in Madagascar His Wife Is Subjected to Many Cruel Treatments.

There are no gay widows in Madagascar—not, at least, for one year after the husband has died. In Madagascar, on the death of any man of position, on the day of the funeral the wife is placed in the house dressed all in her best clothes and wearing her silver ornaments, of which in general she possesses a considerable quantity. There she remains until the rest of the house have returned from the funeral.

As soon as her relatives return they begin to revile her in most abusive language and tell her that it is her fault that she has been stronger than her husband and that she is really the cause of his death. They proceed to tear the ornaments from her ears and neck and arms and give her a cloth and a spoon with a broken handle and a dish with the foot broken off. Her hair is disheveled and she is covered with a coarse mat, under which she remains all day long and can only leave at night. And she may not speak to anyone who goes into the house. Neither is she allowed to wash her face or hands, but only the tips of her fingers.

All this the Madagascar widow endures for a year, or at least for eight months, and even when this is over her time for mourning is not ended for a considerable period.

The last straw consists of the fact that she is not allowed to go home to her own relations until she has been first divorced by her husband's family.

An Obedient Maid.

The mistress came downstairs and tried the door of the sitting room, only to find it locked against her, while the key, which was usually in the lock, was missing.

"Bridget, I can't get into the sitting room," she cried.

"Shure it's meself knows that; an' ye won't, for I hev the key in me pocket."

"Will yez go in if I do?"

"Certainly I will."

"Then yez won't get the key."

"Open the door, I say. What do you mean?"

"Shure, it's by your own orders. Just yesterday ye said: 'Don't let me come downstairs in the morning an' see any dust on the sitting room furniture.' So I just puts the key in me pocket, an', says I, 'then she shan't!'"

—London Weekly Telegraph.

An Oregon Volcano.

Where once towered the highest peak in this country is now only a part of the shell, and within it lies wonderful Crater lake, in Oregon. This is the view taken by geologists. This was Mount Mazama, a great volcano, which, probably before the dawn of life upon earth, towered high above any mountain now within the boundaries of the United States. Thousands of years ago it disappeared into the bowels of the earth. Crater lake, six miles in diameter, is 2,000 feet deep in places, and parts of the walls rise perpendicularly another 2,000 feet.—The Argonaut.

The Efficiency Expert.

"James," said the efficiency expert, annoyed by the cheerful habit which his chauffeur had of whistling while at his work, "you should remember that the greatest fortunes nowadays are made from the by-products of waste. Hereafter when you whistle, whistle in the tires and save me the expense of a pump."—Harper's Weekly.

Royal Pioneer.

Brantome says Catherine de Medici was the first to ride on a side saddle.

CONCLUDED SHE LOVED HIM

Wealth and High Social Position Didn't Lower Him in Her Estimation.

"O, mamma! It has really happened and—he—young Simpkins, you know—he really—O, mamma!"

"Dear child! I thought he stayed dreadfully long last night. He really proposed?"

"He sure did, and I—well, of course, I told him I would give him my answer later, and he's coming again to-night. What shall I say?"

"It all depends, dear, on whether you really love him or not, and—I had your father look up his father in Bradstreet's yesterday and he's A1 there. Your father thinks he is worth a good million at least, and Edward is the only child. Of course, if you love him and—"

"He isn't very handsome or—"

"My dear child, looks are not everything. Far from it! You know he has two autos, and one of them a limousine that never cost a penny less than six thousand."

"So he has! And papa will never be likely to get me an auto."

"I doubt it. But, of course, you mustn't think of marrying him unless you love him; and—he would probably take you to Europe on your wedding trip, and he belongs to two of the most exclusive clubs and his family has the entree to the best society, and your papa says that he has an allowance of a thousand a month; and of course, being the only child, he is sure to come in for a large fortune in time, and—but do you feel that you really love him?"

"Yes, mamma. I think I do."

"Dear child! Then accept him when he comes this evening. Mamma is so glad that her one little girl can give her heart with her hand when she marries. It is so dreadful to marry without love, you know."—Puck.

PIANO KEYS MADE OF MILK

Substitute for Ivory Found to Be More Endurable and Is Extensively Used in Manufacturing.

It is a little known fact that the most delightful music at the present day is produced by playing on milk, says London Answers.

The supply of ivory nowadays does not, to a great extent, meet the demand. Strange as it may sound, skim milk forms a substitute. It is used for making the keyboards of pianos, and in appearance this hardened substance is hardly distinguishable from ivory.

What is more, it is much less expensive, and its durability nearly double.

Syrillit, as the skim milk ivory is named, is a practically new invention, but at the present time thousands of gallons of separated milk are daily transformed into one of the most useful materials of modern invention.

The milk is not mixed with any other substance, but, after being purified, it is compressed, so that all the moisture is extracted, and the substance becomes hard and dry.

Practically in every part of the globe this product is now used. It is turned into umbrella handles, buttons, photograph frames, etc. The comb making industry especially appreciates its worth as it can be made to look like horn. Its nonflammability is another of its assets.

Too Much Like Home.

Two burglars made all arrangements to rob a certain house. The night chosen for the deed was wet and muddy. One remained on guard at the front, while the other entered and started upstairs. His boots, which were wet and very much in need of repair, made a soggy squeak as each slowly measured step was made. A female voice was heard from one of the rooms calling to him in a very authoritative tone:

"You go right downstairs and take those boots off. I'm tired of having to clean up mud and dirt after you. March right down and take them off."

The burglar marched down and when he joined his companion he said:

"I can't rob that house, Bill; it seems too much like home."

To Write Well.

For a man to write well, there are required three necessities:

To read the best authors, observe the best speakers and much exercise of his own style.

In style, to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner. He must first think and excoctate his matter, then choose his words and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely, and to do this with diligence, and often.

No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labored and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits or first words that offer themselves to us, but judge of what we invent and order what we approve.

He Might Go Once.

An elderly gentleman, a stranger in New York, and not sure of his way, stopped a young man on Fifth avenue and said:

"Young man, I would like very much to go to Central park."

The young man became thoughtful for a moment, and then, looking at the old gentleman in the face, said:

"Well, I don't mind your going just this once, but don't ever, ever ask me to go there again."

THE HIGH-BALL
THAT BEATS 'EM ALL

IS MADE
WITH

Klein's

Ginger Ale

The excellent flavor and quality of Klein's Ginger Ale puts the life and snap into Ginger Ale High-Balls. Always demand Klein's with mixed drinks, or otherwise.

Klein's Pure German Birch Beer refreshes you in warm weather. Sold everywhere.

F. G. KLEIN CO., Burlington, Wis.

In the

Wired House

Life is made more comfortable
in Summer

Electric Fans will cool it.
Electric Appliances for
that purpose will do the
washing and cleaning.
Electric Irons will enable
you to iron outdoors.
With Electric Cooking
Appliances you can dis-
pense with the Kitchen
stove in preparing many
meals.

Is Your house wired?
If not we'll tell you how
easily and cheaply the
work can be done.

Public Service Company
OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

DEAR MR. CUSTOMER:—

Don't be weak on the price proposition,
it's really a secondary consideration.

"Quality is remembered long after price is forgotten"

A growth based on honest endeavor to give quality, to emphasize the good, to avoid error, is permanent and carries within itself an impetus for continual advancement.

We handle the very best material on the market, and our prices are based upon the Quality of the article.

PLUMBING & HEATING, a specialty.
Strictly sanitary plumbing (Guaranteed)
whether your water supply is from city or otherwise.

Prices and Estimates given on the following

Hot water, steam, warm air furnace heating, acetylene and gasoline gas piping and fixtures, pneumatic water supply systems, gasoline and kerosene engines, pumps and well supplies, pipe and fittings, galvanized iron cornices, eaves troughs and gutter, builders hardware, stoves and ranges, gasoline and kerosene stoves, fishing tackle, American wire field fencing, guns and ammunition, National copper cable, lightning rods and General Repairing.

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Illustrating and Quoting
Exceptionally low prices, on

MERCHANDISE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Williams Bros. Antioch Store
Inc. (Established 1871)

Phones—Long Distance and Farmers Line

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., July 14—The committee declared butter at 26c.

Cement at Hunt's. adv
Zobac picnic next Sunday.

Russell Harden spent Saturday at Fond du Lac.

Mrs. Ed Cannon of Oklahoma is here visiting relatives.

Leslie Harden of Rockefeller spent Sunday in Antioch.

Mrs. Ernest Horton is visiting relatives at Chetek, Wis.

Wm. Saunders of Milwaukee called on relatives here Monday.

Mrs. Rosenfelt is entertaining her mother from Marseilles, Ill.

John Hancock of Superior, Wis., called on relatives here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Audry and little daughter of Chicago are visiting Antioch relatives.

There will be German Lutheran services at the Christian Church on next Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Mrs. C. E. Bestor of Evansville, Wis., visited with Mr. and Mrs. Burton Bestor over Sunday.

Rev. Stixrud is spending the latter part of this week in attendance at the camp meeting at Des Plaines.

Carol Saunders returned to her home in Milwaukee Monday after a two weeks visit with relatives here.

For Sale Cheap—28 foot Mullens pressed steel motor boat. Good as new. Call Antioch phone 501 or at J. P. Johnson, Bluff Lake resort. 44tf adv

Ernest Clark is around again after being laid up three weeks with broken bones caused by a cake of ice falling on his foot while working at the California Ice house.

For Sale—1913 model, motor cycles and motor boats at bargain prices, all makes, brand new machines, on easy monthly payment plan. Get our proposition before buying or you will regret it. Also bargains in used motor cycles. Write us today. Enclose stamp for reply. Address lock box 11, Trenton, Mich. 4210w adv.

Last Sunday afternoon Antioch was interested in two lively ball game, the Antioch seniors playing the Bristol team on the home grounds and the Antioch juniors playing the Pikeville team at that place. In the first mentioned game the home team met defeat at the hands of the Bristolites by a score of 21 to 12, and while they were playing in bad form and being beaten almost two to one, the juniors were valiantly trying to uphold the honor of the town but likewise came home beaten in a score of 8 to 4, another case of two to one.

FIRST OF THE SUFFRAGETS

Tracts Recently Found Prove That English Women Sought Votes Many Years Ago.

The title of a tract in a recent catalogue published at London, England, merits notice. It is:

"Hey, Ho, for a Husband; or The Parliament of Maides; Their Desires, Decrees, and Determinations. The principal members are Mrs. Beatrice Blinks, Mrs. Sarah Sale Woman, Mrs. Margaret Maundring, Mrs. Priscilla Frick-Song, Mrs. Dorothy Doewell, Mrs. Tabitha Triptoe, etc., 1647." It begins as follows:

"Not able any longer to forbear the very many inconveniences, occasioned by the general backwardness of men, who contrary to the law of God and nature, are wooed to that which is unattractive (were they not degenerate) would prompt them to proffer; we the maids and virgins of Great Britain have thought fit, to the end a speedy remedy of this evil may be attained, to choose members fit and able to sit in parliament," etc.

So apparently the demand for "votes for women" did not originate with Mill. Another tract is as follows:

"A parliament of ladies, with their laws newly enacted, 1647," and Mr. Bernard states that the title to the first edition, issued in 1640, is:

"The parliament of women. With the merry laws by them newly enacted. To live in more ease, pompe, pride and wantonness; but especially that they might have superiority and domineer over their husbands."

Rabelais Always Humorous.

Rabelais was a monk long before he wrote his drolleries, but that he was a humorist first is evidenced by the many practical jokes which brought down upon him the punishment of his spiritual superiors. In his case the priestly profession became too constricted for his talents and he made a better doctor of the body than he had been of the soul, but it was his career as a wit that brings fame into our day. His gargantuan stories stand as his record, and their grim, grave humor reflect the man; that they read coarse to us is merely the accident of their age. Rabelais hit hard, but he was returning blow for blow and fierce irony was a necessary weapon of the time.

Binding twine at Hunt's. adv

Wanted—An apprentice girl. Miss Addie Schafer. adv

Walter Taylor of Waukegan visited with relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. C. Clark and Mrs. Ivah Smoak spent Sunday in Spring Grove.

C. L. Hockney of Silver Lake was an Antioch business caller Wednesday.

Lyle VanDuzer and John Bynie of Kenosha visited relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. Rosecrans of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the guest of her sister Mrs. Somerville.

Miss Stella Beren of Kenosha was the guest of Mrs. Claud Brogan over Sunday.

Frank Trussell spent Sunday and Monday at the annual camp meeting at Des Plaines.

Mrs. Dr. Schwartz and daughter of Evanston visited the home folks the first of the week.

For Sale—A nine room house with barn and garden in the Village of Antioch. Inquire of Sam Strahan, Antioch. 45 w3 adv

Helen Paddock entertained a number of friends at her home Friday afternoon in honor of her birthday anniversary.

Mrs. W. E. Hoyt of Chicago a former resident at Loon Lake has moved to Antioch to take up a permanent residence.

Genevieve Willie celebrated her birthday Wednesday afternoon by entertaining a few of her young friends at her home.

Dr. Barber, Optician, will be in Antioch at the residence of H. J. Barber, on Thursday, July 24 and every two weeks thereafter. School children examined free through August.

Word has been received here of the death of Mrs. Nellie Peterson of Ottumwa, Iowa. Mrs. Peterson will be remembered by many of our readers as she has made several visits at the home of her aunt, Mrs. J. C. James, Sr.

For Sale—At Lake Villa, 6 room farmhouse with stone foundation, lot 100x166, fine well and cistern, all kinds of fruit, only \$1600. Geo. W. Hall, 167 W. Washington street, Chicago. Phone Franklin 353. 42ml adv.

Agents Wanted—Highest cash weekly and part expenses. Outfit free. Home territory. Experience unnecessary. Our contract the fairest ever written. Under our plan you can make \$20 per week and up, over and above expenses. Write Hawks Nursery company, Wauwatosa, Wis.

Fishing tackle, at Hunts. adv

GOLDEN AGE OF SPINSTERS

At This Day, and Hour in America, is the "Antient Mayde" to Be Seen at Her Very Best.

That this is the golden age of the spinster no one will deny, and that America furnishes the soil in which these hardy plants put forth their finest bloom is equally indisputable, writes Agnes Repplier in the Century Magazine. How many years have passed since the "antient maydes" of Boston—which term included all unmarried women older than twenty-five—were pronounced by John Dunton to be a "dismal spectacle"? How many years since a few "acute and ingenious gentlewomen" in colonial Virginia had the temerity to remain single and cultivate their own tobacco plantations, for which unnatural behavior they were subjected to repeated "admonishments"?

Now the "antient mayde" flaunts her freedom in the faces of those who are patiently doing their duty to the world. Now if a woman runs a successful apple orchard or dairy farm, her exploits are heralded far and wide, and other women write exultant papers about her, intimating that the day of the man agriculturist is virtually over. I am not sure that the attitude of our great-grandfathers, who jealously and somewhat fearfully guarded their prerogatives, was not more flattering to my sex than this enthusiasm evoked by achievements which in a man would not be found worthy of notice.

Saw for Newlyweds.

Many of the small towns in Europe have distinctive wedding customs which must be observed, and of these the old mountain town of Wildermann, in Germany, claims one that is particularly interesting and quaint. On the day before the wedding the young men interested in the couple place a sawhorse on the top of the house where the bride is lodging, usually upon a chimney, and the bridegroom has to take it down before the wedding.

On the wedding day the couple find a rope barring their way after they leave the church, and they are not allowed to pass until they have sawed in two the knotty log lying upon the horse. The inhabitants of the town gather around to watch the sawing which is supposed to show whether or not the couple will pull well together. Popular Mechanics.

Mrs. J. M. Hucker is seriously ill.

Hay, straw and oats at Hunts. adv

Mrs. Margaret Hockney spent Sunday in Chicago.

Jim Todd of Spring Grove spent last Monday in Antioch.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. David Pullen a son on Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Webb spent Sunday with Waukegan relatives.

L. L. Soule returned Wednesday afternoon from a visit to his old home at Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. Kuhaupf and daughter Viola spent the first of the week with relatives in Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison and son of Genoa Junction visited Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. Kettlehut.

Are we to be treated to a street concert by the Antioch band? We are all ready to hear one next week. Come along.

A marriage license was on Monday issued at Waukegan to Earl Horton and Miss Henrietta Frank both of Antioch.

States Attorney Dady, Assistant States Attorney Runyard, Sheriff E. Green and E. J. Griffin were Antioch callers Wednesday.

On account of a washout at Waukegan Tuesday night all southbound trains did not arrive in Antioch until 11:30 Wednesday forenoon.

Mrs. W. J. VanDuzer has been called to Chippewa Falls, to attend her daughter Mrs. R. Schmutz who will be operated on soon after a long constant illness.

For Sale—80 acres of land near Russell station, short distance west of Des Plaines River. Very reasonable. Address A. Redmond, 733 East 50th street, Chicago, Ill. 45 w4 adv

For Sale Cheap or exchange for good income property, some good improved farms, including personal property. Will grow alfalfa or any kind of crops. Call on or write L. J. Slocum, Necedah, Wisconsin.

Bran and middling at Hunt's. adv

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

Next Sunday morning preaching service, topic of sermon: "What does it mean to be a Christian? Topic in the evening: "Is Godliness profitable for all things?" Special music. Come and worship with us. Have you heard the pipe organ yet?

Tuesday, July 22, there will be an ice cream social on the parsonage lawn given by the Epworth League. Ice and wafers 10 cents. Come and bring your friends.

NOT ALTOGETHER PIOUS WISH

Gardener's Appeal for the Elevation of Mrs. Stowe Did Not Mean Desire for Her Happiness.

Recalling the days when the literary colony at Hartford, Conn., was acquiring fame, Dr. Joseph H. Twichell used to tell an amusing incident in the friendship of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Mark Twain.

The Stowe and the Clemens premises were separated only by a fence, close to which, directly in the rear of the Stowes' house, was Mark Twain's large conservatory.

Mrs. Stowe, ever a passionate lover of flowers, availed herself thankfully and liberally of his invitation to make free with its contents, much to the annoyance of the gardener, for she had a careless way of breaking off flowers from the stalk that vexed his soul.

When he made complaint of this habit Mr. Clemens had numbers of pairs of scissors put at intervals here and there on the conservatory shelves, trusting that Mrs. Stowe would see and use them on her visits to it. But they seemed to escape her notice, and she continued to go on as before, till at length the distressed gardener begged Mark Twain to lock the door and keep her out.

But no; he told the poor fellow that whatever she did the place must always be open to her and her liberty in it unrestrained. At that the much-tried man fervently exclaimed: "I wish the old lady was in Heaven!"

Disclaimed Responsibility.

A Dutchman was going to cross a bridge. He was riding in a little cart drawn by a goat. The toll man came out and said: "Here, you've got to pay toll before you can pass this bridge."

"What to pay toll?"

"Yes, five cents to cross this bridge."

After an argument the Dutchman paid the five cents and went on. In the afternoon he came back again, only this time he had the goat sitting on the seat, and he was dragging the cart himself.

Out came the toll man and said: "Here, you know you've got to pay five cents."

The Dutchman shook his head, and pointing to the goat, said:

"Don't talk to me—ask the driver."

MISTRESS WAS TOO "TOUCHY"

Unable to Agree on the Subject of Toothbrushes, Maid Abruptly Resigned Position.

When the tall girl found the mistress of the six-room flat washing dishes she asked what had happened to Mary.

"Mary has left," said the housekeeper. "I insulted her yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, and at 11 she packed her trunk and skipped."

"We had a row over toothbrushes. Mary exhibited an unparalleled interest in toothbrushes. Every brush she came to was taken up and turned over and over and commented on admiringly or the reverse."

"Finally she came to mine. I could sense at once that she liked it."

"Whose is this?" she asked.

"Mine," I said.

"She poured out a glass of water and dipped the brush in."

"Oh, well," she said, "I won't be afraid to use it, then."

"For a moment I stood there literally stupefied, but soon I saw that prompt action was necessary, and I caught Mary's arm in a painful grasp."

"Put it down this instant," I commanded. "Put it down."

"Mary drew back and withered me out of the corner of her eye."

"Dear me," she said, "how touchy some folks are. I never work for touchy folks."

"And so we parted. She seemed unable to get my point of view on toothbrush etiquette, and I seemed unable to get hers, so we thought it best to sever our relations."

She Kept on Talking.

A ring at the telephone drew the office boy.

"Lady to talk to you, sir," he said to the senior partner.

The senior partner took up the receiver and stood at the telephone for several minutes.

Then he laid the receiver down and went back to his desk.

Twenty minutes later he raised the receiver, said a few words and presently hung it up.

Then he turned to his partner.

"It was my wife," he explained. "She was still talking and hadn't missed me."

JUST ONE WAY TO GET EVEN

Accept "Call Down" for the First Mistake, but Resolve That It Shall Not Happen Again.

Boss called you down, eh? Gave it to you hard and heavy. Feel sore and vengeful. Want to get even with him, quit, perhaps? You'll show him what's what.

Well, now, just calm yourself. Hostile a moment. Cool off a bit. Between us two, just you and me, didn't you deserve it? Had an excuse, eh? Come, you know better than that. What's the use of trying to get out of it that way.

We know, you and I, there's only one way of making up for a mistake or for falling down on the job. Listen, let me whisper it. Never let it happen again. See?

Anyone, the boss included, makes a mistake once. But the second time a similar occasion arises—there's the real test.

Some high-brow philosopher has said that one of the characteristics that distinguish the reasoning human being from other animals is that he can profit by his mistakes.

Now, then, quit your teeth, clench your fist. Now, Mr. Boss, see if you can catch me making a bull like that again! If you do you can hand me the blue envelope, and I won't murmur.

But, believe me, you shan't have the opportunity. Not if I can help it, and I can!—Maurice C. Lipman, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Not the Ordinary Fare.

During a visit in his churchly capacity through southern Maryland, Cardinal Gibbons was entertained by the Order of Jesuits at Leonardtown.

That part of the state is famed for its diamond-backed terrapin, canvas-back duck, oysters, crabs and fish, and a sumptuous table was spread before the cardinal.

During the repast the cardinal turned to a priest near him and said, with a twinkle in his eye:

"So this is the way the Jesuits dine!"

"No, your eminence," replied the priest, "this is the way the cardinal dines!"—Judge.

ANTIOCH OPERA HOUSE
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GOING SOME



A ROMANCE OF
STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY
REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By
Edgar Bent Smith

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SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized phonograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the phonograph. She suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the phonograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that she shall be entered as an unknown, fearing that Covington will arrive in time to take his place.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Say no more," Speed remarked; "it's all right with us!"

"What's wrong with my singing?" "Oh, I've just told the girls that you're going to run that foot race," Helen interposed, hurriedly, at which Fresno exploded.

"What's wrong with my running?" Inquired Speed.

"I can beat you!" Larry Glass nudged his employer openly, and seemed on the verge of hysteria. "Let him go," said he. "Let him go; he's funny."

Speed addressed Helen, with a magnanimous smile: "Suppose we allow Fresno to sing this foot race? We'll pull it off in the treble clef."

"Oh, I mean it!" maintained the tenor, stubbornly. "I don't want to run Skinner, the cook, but I'll run you to see who does meet him."

Speed shrugged his shoulders indulgently. "I'm afraid you're a little overweight."

"I'll train down."

"Perhaps if you wait until I beat this cook, I'll take you on."

Glass broke out, in husky indignation: "Sure! Get a rep, Cull, get a rep!" Then to his employer: "Come on, Wally, you've got to warm up."

He mounted the steps heavily with his protegee.

When they had gone, Miss Blake clapped her hands.

"I'm so excited!" she exclaimed. "You see, it's all my doings! Oh, how I adore athletes!"

"Most young girls do," Fresno smiled, sourly. "My taste runs more to music."

After a moment's meditation, he observed: "Speed doesn't look like a sprinter to me. I—I'll wager he can't do a hundred yards in fifteen-two."

"Fifteen-two" is cribbage," said Miss Blake.

"Fifteen and two-fifths seconds is what I mean."

"Is that fast?"

Fresno smiled, indulgently this time. "Jean's friend Covington can go the distance in nine and four-fifths seconds. He's a real sprinter. I think this fellow is a joke."

"Indeed he is not! If Mr. Covington can run as fast as that, Mr. Speed can run faster. He told me so."

"Oh!" Fresno looked at her curiously. "The world's record is nine and three-fifths; that's the limit of human endurance."

"I hope he doesn't injure himself," breathed the girl, and the tenor wan-



Pinned the Medals Upon His Chest.

dered away, disgusted beyond measure. When he was out of hearing he remarked, aloud:

"I'll bet he runs so slow we'll have to wind a stop-watch on him. Anyhow, I think I'll find out something more about this race."

Once in his room, Mr. J. Wallingford Speed made a search for writing materials, while Larry Glass overhauled a trunk filled with athletic clothing of various descriptions. There were running-suits, rowing-suits, baseball and football suits, sweaters, jerseys, and bath robes—all of which were new and unstained. At the bottom Glass discovered a box full of bronze and near-gold emblems.

"Here's your medals," said he.

"Good! I'll wear them."

"Nix! You can't do that. Those gals will get wise." He selected one, and read on the reverse side, "Clerk of the course;" another was engraved "Starter."

All were official badges of some sort or other. "You always were strong on the 'Reception Committee' stuff. There's six of them," said he.

Speed pointed to the bureau.

"Try a nail-file. See if you can't scratch off the lettering. How's this?"

He read what he had written for the wire. "Culver Covington, and so forth. Come quick. First train. Native Son making love to Jean—Wally."

Ten words, and it tells the whole story. I can hardly explain why I want him, can I? He expects to stop off in Omaha for a day or two, but he'll be under way in an hour after he gets this. I hate to spoil his little visit, but he can take that in on his way home. Now I'll ring for somebody, and have this taken over to the station by the first wagon."

"Say, you better scratch this Fresno," said Larry.

"Why?"

"He's hep to you."

"Nonsense!"

Glass looked up at a sound, to discover Mariadetta, the Mexican maid, who had come in answer to Speed's call.

"In the doorway!" the trainer said, under his breath. "Pipe the Cuban Queen!"

"You call?" inquired Mariadetta of the younger man.

"Yes, I want this telegram to go to the depot as soon as possible."

Mariadetta took the message and turned silently, but as she went she flashed a look at Glass which caused that short-waisted gentleman to wink at his companion.

"Some thrill! Eh? I'm for her! She's strong for me, too."

"How do you know?"

"We talked it over. I gave her a little kiss to keep for me."

"Careful, Larry! She may have a cowboy sweetheart."

Glass grunted, disparagingly. "Them ginnys is jokes to me."

As Speed talked he clad himself in his silken uniform, donned his spiked shoes, and pinned the medals upon his chest.

"How do I look?" he queried.

"Immense! If she likes athletes, it's a walk-away for you."

"Then give me the baby-blue bath robe with the monogram. We'll go out and trot around a little."

But his complacency received a shock as he stepped out upon the veranda. Not only Helen Blake awaited him, but the other girls as well, while out in front were a dozen or more cowboys whom Fresno had rallied.

"Goin' to take a little run, eh?" inquired Stover. "We allowed we'd lay off a few minutes and watch you."

"Thanks!"

"Yes," Fresno spoke up. "I told the boys we'd better hold a stop-watch on you and see what shape you're in."

"A stop-watch?" said Glass, sharply. "Yes. I have one."

"Not today," said Speed's trainer. "No!" he admonished, as his protegee turned upon him. "Some other time, maybe. You're just off a long trip, and I can't risk gettin' you stove up."

"Tomorrow, perhaps," urged Fresno.

"I wouldn't promise."

"Then the next day. I've timed lots of men. The watch is correct."

"Let's see it." Glass held out his hand.

"Oh, it's a good watch. It cost me one hundred and twenty-five dollars."

As Glass reached for the timepiece an unfortunate accident occurred. Speed struck his elbow, and the watch fell. Fresno dove for it, then held it to his ear and shook it.

"You've broken it!" he cried, accusingly.

"Oh, I'm sorry! My fault," Speed apologized.

"If it was your fault, maybe you'll fix it," suggested the tenor.

"Gladly!" Speed turned to his trainer. "Buy a new alarm-clock for our little friend." He stripped off his bath robe, and handed it to his trainer. "Is she looking at me?" he whispered.

"Both eyes, big as saucers."

Speed settled his spikes into the dirt as he had seen other sprinters do, set himself for an instant, then loped easily around the house and out of sight.

To the cowboys this athletic panto-my was vastly impressive. With huge satisfaction they noticed the sleeveless shirt, the loose running-trunks, and, above all, the generous display of medals. With a wild yell of delight they broke out upon the trail of their champion, only to have Glass thrust his corpulent body in their path. With an upflung arm he stemmed the tide.

"It's no use, boys," he cried, he's a mile away!"

CHAPTER VI.

THIS doesn't look much like our storehouse, does it?" Jean paused in her task, and, seating herself upon the summit of a step-ladder, scrutinized with satisfaction the transformation wrought by a myriad of college flags, sofa cushions, colored shawls, and bunting.

Roberta Keap dropped her hammer with an exclamation of pain.

"Ouch!" she cried, "I've hurt my thumb. I can't hit where I look when people are talking."

"Why don't you pin them up?" queried Miss Blake sweetly. "A hammer is so dangerous."

Mrs. Keap mumbled something, but her enunciation was indistinct, owing to the fact that her thumb was in her mouth. Helen finished tying a bow of ribbon upon the leg of a stool, patted it into proper form, then said:

"It looks cheerful."

"And restful," added Jean.

"Oh dear!" Jean descended from her precarious position and admitted, "I'm tired out."

All that morning the three had labored, busily transforming the store-room into training-quarters for Speed, who had declared that such things were not only customary but necessary. To be sure, it adjoined the bunk-room, where the cowboys slept, and there were no gymnastic appliances to give it character, but it was the only space available, and what it lacked in horizontal bars, dumb-bells, and Indian clubs it more than compensated for by a cosy-corner, a window-seat, and many cushions. Speed had expressed his delight with the idea, and agreed to wait for a glimpse of it.

Of all the denizens of the Flying Heart but two failed to enter fully into the spirit of the thing. Berkeley Fresno looked on with a cynicism which he was too wise to display before Miss Blake. Seeing the lady of his dreams monopolized by a rival, however, inspired him to sundry activities, and he spent much of his time among the cowboys, whom he found profitable to the point of mystery.

Mrs. Keap, the youthful chaperon, seemed likewise mastered by some private trouble, and puzzled her companions vaguely. Helen reported that she did not sleep, and once Jean found her crying softly. She seemed, moreover, to be apprehensive, in a tremu-

lous, reasonless way; but when with friendly sympathy they brought the subject up, she dismissed it. In spite of secret tears, she had lent willing hands to the decoration of the gymnasium, and now nursed her swollen thumb with surprising good nature.

"Shall we let them in?" she inquired. "We have done all we can."

"Yes; we have finished."

In a flutter of anticipation Jean and Helen put the final touches to their task, while Mrs. Keap stepped to the door and called Speed.

He came at once, followed by Larry Glass, who, upon grasping the scheme of decoration, smote his brow and balanced dizzily upon his heels. "Speed was lost in admiration."

It was wonderful! ejaculated the young athlete. "Those college flags give it just the right touch. And see the cosy-corner!"

Glass regained his voice sufficiently to murmur, sarcastically, "Say, ain't this a swell-looking drum?"

Berkeley Fresno, drawn by the irresistible magnetism of Miss Blake's presence, wandered in and ran his eyes over the room.

"Why all the colors?" asked he.

"You can sing best where there is a piano. I can train best under the shadow of college emblems. I am a temperamental athlete."

"You'll be a dead athlete if you don't beat this cook." The Californian was angry.

"Indeed!" exclaimed his rival, airily.

"That's what I remarked. Did they tell you what happened to Humpy Joe, your predecessor?"

"It must have been an accident, judging from his name." At which Miss Blake giggled. She was growing to enjoy these passages at arms; they thrilled her vaguely.

"The only accident connected with the affair was that Still Bill and Willie didn't have their guns."

Glass started nervously. "Did those rummies want to shoot him?" he inquired.

"Certainly," said Fresno. "He lost a foot-race."

In spite of his assurance, J. Wallingford Speed felt a tremor of anxiety, but he laughed it off, saying:

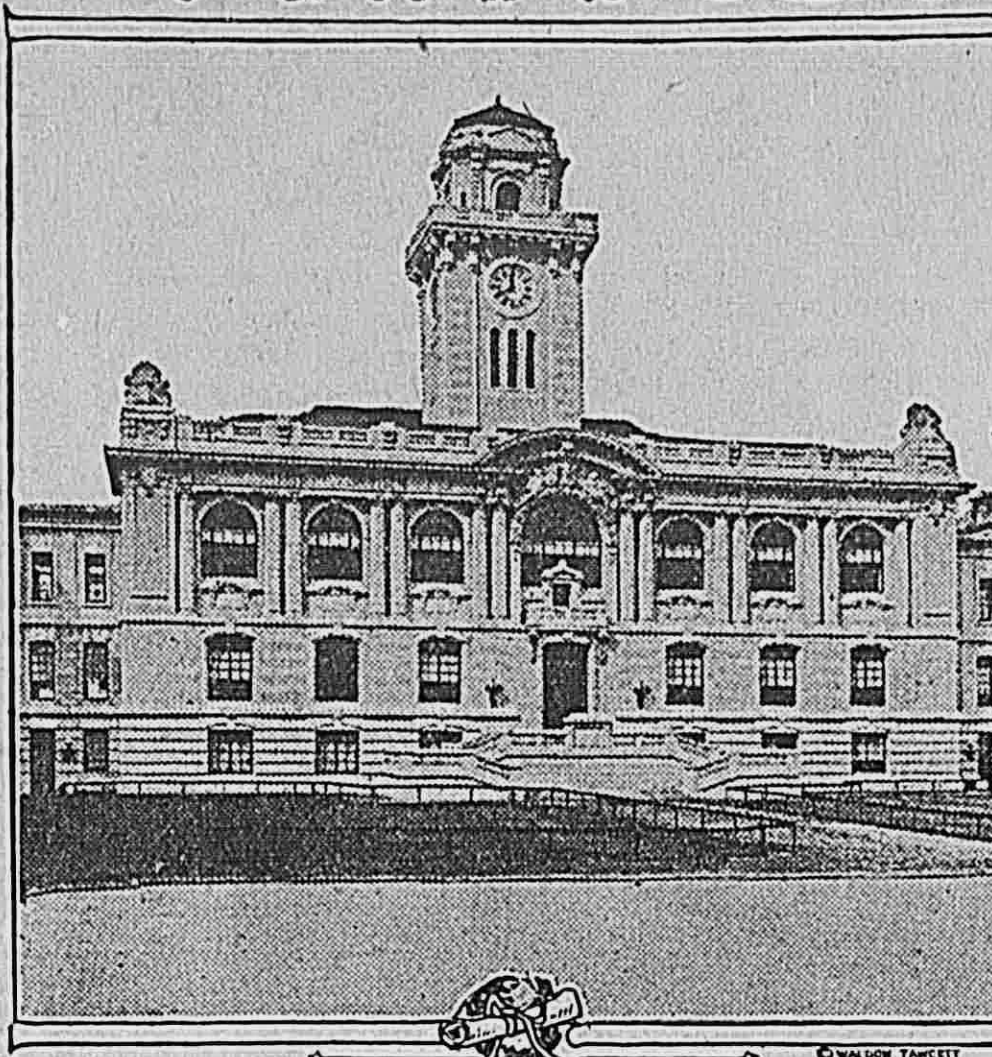
"One would think a foot-race in this country was a pearl necklace."

"These cowboys ain't good losers, eh?" queried Glass.

"It's win or die out here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GRADUATION WEEK AT ANNAPOLIS



ACADEMIC BUILDING, NAVAL ACADEMY

CADET no longer—long live the officer!

When the cheers died away Friday, June 6, Annapolis had passed through one of the most brilliant weeks since the Hon. George Bancroft, secretary of the navy under James K. Polk, founded the Naval Academy in 1845.

Friday terminated the cadet week of work and play. When the cadets were lined up, glistening like diamonds in the afternoon sun in their dress uniforms, to receive their diplomas and listen to the address of the Hon. Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, it was the last dress parade on the old grounds for many, for on the morrow the uniform of the commissioned officers replaced the garb of the cadet. The day marked an epoch in the lives of these boys who have spent four long years of study, a day the pleasant memories of which will come back to them in the cold dim watch of the midnight hour.

This year was the second in the annals of the academy that the cadets graduated as commissioned officers.

Official Reception.

At 10 o'clock the board of visitors arrived and the entire morning was devoted to an official reception. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the board of visitors gathered at the superintendent's quarters, where another reception was tendered them. Then the cadets were drawn up, resplendent in their dress uniforms, to go through the evolutions of dress parade. After the parade the awards were made.

The professional prizes, open to any member of the graduating class, last year went to Midshipman Howard E. Saunders. They are: Class of 1871 sword for practical and theoretical gunnery, cup offered by National Society Sons of Revolution for excellence in practical gunnery, cup offered by Col. Robert M. Thompson of New York and graduate of class of 1868 for practical navigation.

On Monday night the Masqueraders, an organization made up of midshipmen, presented their annual play.

On Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock there was a street riot and skirmish drill by the first battalion. At 10:45 an artillery drill by the second battalion. At 2:30 the board of visitors inspected the buildings and grounds. At 6 o'clock dress parade. At 8 o'clock the superintendent gave a dinner to the board of visitors, and another performance by the Masqueraders was held at 8 o'clock.

Wednesday morning at 9:15 the cadets took part in a competitive artillery drill, and in the afternoon at 2:30 in another competitive drill in seamanship. At 6 o'clock the cadets formed for dress parade. At night the cadets gathered their mothers, sisters, sweethearts and friends at a garden party given to the members of the graduating class by the superintendent.

On Thursday a competitive infantry drill was held in the morning at 9:15, torpedo and gun drills and exercises in practical engineering at 2:30 and 4:30 in the afternoon. After the dress parade at 6 o'clock the presentation of colors for general excellence took place. The right to carry those colors is an honor which is keenly fought for by the cadets. The annual alumni dinner was held at 8:30 on Thursday night and from 9 to 11 the members of the first class again gathered their friends at their German.

On Friday graduation exercises took place, and Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, addressed the cadets. The farewell ball started at 9:30 and at 12:30 the farewells were said.

Society Stare There.

The social gaiety of the week is one of its biggest features. For months the belles of all the big cities in the east and many in the west live in anticipation of the joys awaiting them during "June week" at the famous training school. Here fair femininity holds court for five days. Along the promenades of the romantic

grounds and in the ballroom she is in absolute command. The poor "old" who acts as her escort while the midshipman is at drills or attending his many other duties fades into the background when "the boy of the sea" sails into view and relieves him of his precious charge.

On Saturday the cadets embark for the yearly cruise for practice, while the graduate dons his "cit's" suit and leaves for a short visit to his home before he goes to sea under orders to begin his real life work for Uncle Sam.

TOO BUSY FOR LONG TITLES

German Sensibly Abbreviate Names Which They Realize Cause Much Waste of Time.

Long-winded German names are something of a trial to the world at large, but the Germans themselves appear to have found the remedy, says the Scientific American. In 1909 an international aeronautical exposition was organized at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Its full name in German was "International Luftschiffahrt-Ausstellung." After being abbreviated to "I. L. A.," this ultimately became "ILA," and as the "ILA" the exposition has since been universally known. In like manner the "Allgemeine Luftfahrtsausstellung" held last year in Berlin was known as the "ALA," and now we hear of the "Damnu," which, to the busy man, is a happy substitute for "Deutsche Ausschuss für den mathematischen und naturwissenschaftlichen Unterricht." "Imuk," which signifies Internationale mathematische Unterrichts-Kommission and "Datsch," a condensation of Deutsche Ausschuss für technische Schulen.

Of course, this method of synecopation has its limits; since many combinations of initials are unpronounceable, while others might be too grotesque to be palatable. On the other hand, it seems likely that in future the names of many expositions, societies and the like will be deliberately selected with reference to such abbreviation.

Mental Originality.

Anatole France has coined a phrase which may have the breath of life in it. "What is madness, after all," he says, "but a sort of mental originality." He writes that Charles Dickens always liked madmen, and cites among the madmen good Mr. Dick, in "David Copperfield," whose innocence is described with such tender grace. "I believe," writes the great Frenchman of letters, "that Dickens had more feeling than any other writer. I believe that his novels are as beautiful as the love and pity that inspired them. I regard 'David Copperfield' as a new gospel. I believe, lastly, that Mr. Dick is a 'sensible' madman, because the only reason left to him is the reasoning of the heart, and that is hardly ever received. What matter if he does fly kites on which he has written some reflections concerning the death of King Charles I.? He is benevolent, he wishes ill to no one; and that is a piece of wisdom to which many sane men do not so easily attain as he."

Quinine Made Her Deaf.

In an earlier day it was by no means an unusual thing during the fever and ague season in Indiana to meet persons who apologized for temporary deafness by saying that they had been taking quinine. The New York Medical journal reports a case where a girl sixteen years old in the course of 15 minutes took 30 grains of quinine. Following this heroic treatment she complained two hours later of intense headache and severe ringing in the ears. By the following morning perception of all sounds was lost. After a careful examination it was determined by aurists that she was deaf beyond hope of recovery.

Vacation of a Goddess.

The Venus of Milo explained: "Took 'em off to squeeze into a summer hotel room," she said simply.

Woman's Way.

"John," she said, "I have an awful pain in my right side. I'm afraid it's appendicitis."

"Are you?" he replied, without looking up from his paper.

"John," she wailed a moment later, "it's getting worse."

"Is it?" he asked, still interested in the sporting page.

"John," she demanded, "why don't you worry?"

"I am worrying, darn it! That's the way with you women. It doesn't make any difference how hard a man worries, you're never satisfied unless he makes a noise about it."

ECZEMA IN WATER BLISTERS

748 Congress St., Chicago, Ill.—"My eczema broke out like little water blisters. Each one was full of water and would itch until I would scratch it open, then the water would run out and it would get sore. I first got the eczema on the back of the hand and I scratched it so hard I made it all sore. Then I got it on my legs just above the ankle and above the knee."

"I used what they call — and it stopped the itch but it got worse. Then I used — In all I had the trouble for about two years. One day I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment in the paper. I wrote for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I tried them and then bought some more. Cuticura Soap and Ointment left my sores nice and smooth. I used them for six weeks, and am now cured; the eczema left no marks." (Signed) F. W. Horrich, Oct. 19, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Advice for Campers.

Before you start on your camping trip, if you have not already done so, paraffine your tent. There are very few, if any tents, that will not let in some dampness during a heavy rain, but if you paraffine yours, even if it is of the lightest material, it will shed every drop of water, and it will not mold when you fold it up. To do this, first set up your tent in a sunny spot and let it dry thoroughly. If it is about a 10x12 a pound of paraffine and a gallon of gasoline will do for one coat, and one will answer if even-ly spread. Leave the gasoline in the tent while you melt the paraffine in a skillet in the house. When sizzling hot, take it out and pour into the gasoline. Apply instantly with either a sprayer or brush. And remember above all things you must not smoke or strike a match, or allow anyone around who does, while you are doing this job.—Outing.

Introduction Needed.

"Housekeeping," said a pessimistic New York bachelor, "will soon be a lost art—in this town, at any rate."

"What makes you think that?" asked a woman friend.

"Do you know what eggplant looks like before it is cooked?" was his apparently irrelevant reply.

"No-no," the woman replied, "I don't believe I do."

"Right there," said the bachelor, "you have an answer to your own question. If you were the only woman who didn't know raw eggplant when you saw it, or if eggplant was the only raw vegetable you were not acquainted with, I would have no grounds for the assertion; but I have it on the authority of restaurant proprietors and marketmen that half the women who eat all their meals out could not call eggplant, sauté, parsnips, kohlrabi and most of the turnip family by name if they met them face to face. Is that true?"

"I am afraid it is," the woman acknowledged. "But most men wouldn't recognize them, either."

"Oh," said the bachelor, "that's different. We are not supposed to be up in such things."

A Sweet,
Crisp,
Delicious
"Bite-To-Eat"
Post
Toasties

Dainty bits of pearly white corn, perfectly cooked and toasted to delicate "brown."

Usually eaten direct from package with cream and sugar.

Or, sprinkle Toasties over a saucer of fresh berries—then add the cream and sugar—a dish to remember.

Post Toasties are sold by Grocers everywhere.

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RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Mrs. Shepardson's sister, Mrs. Dawson, is visiting her.

Mrs. Hussey and daughter are visiting Rush Hussey for a few days.

Mrs. Paul Avery spent several days last week with her parents at Grayslake.

Fred Miller and family of Waukegan visited relatives here the last of the week.

Lake Villa was well represented at the Sunday School convention at Millburn Sunday.

We want about four bus loads from Antioch here July 16, to help us christen the new hall.

Lost somewhere between sunrise and sunset July 12 and 13: Paul Avery, F. M. Hamlin, Max Deylitz, Zegmeir and Harry Miller.

The new Barnstable hall will be dedicated July 19, at a dance given by the Lake Villa Commercial club. A large attendance is looked for.

The Ladies Aid society is planning a bazaar to be held in the church basement Thursday, July 31. Supper will be served from 5 to 7 p. m.

HICKORY

Miss A. Tillotson entertained friends last week.

Earl Edwards spent Sunday at D. B. Webb's.

James King of St. Paul is visiting the home folks.

Willard Grant of Chicago is visiting relatives here.

The social in Mr. Colegrove's barn was well attended.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. David Pullen, Thursday, July 10, a son.

Miss Mable Gardner of Evanston is visiting at the Edward's home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gillings of Waukegan visited Hickory friends Sunday.

The Cemetery Society has been postponed this month and will meet as usual Aug. 21.

The Ladies Aid society will meet on Wednesday July 30 with Mrs. Bert Edwards. Arrangements will be made at that time for the picnic which will be held August 13.

MILLBURN

C. E. Denman entertained his brother Sunday.

Miss Vida Jamieson returned home this week.

The Grubb school will hold their reunion July 24, at the school.

Miss Jessie Jamieson is spending a few weeks with her mother.

Ross Stewart of Chicago spent the week end with the home folks.

The C. E. society will have a social Tuesday, July 22, on A. H. Stewart's lawn.

Ernest Shepardson and wife of Lake Villa attended the S. S. convention on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Strang have returned home from their wedding trip and will live in R. Pantall's house.

Science or Sense.
A London brain specialist says that of two women one will dress from the desire of self-display and the other will be actuated by an esthetic sense. It is to be feared that the distinction between the flashy and the sensible is not confined to one sex, though it may be more noticeable there.

RUSSELL

Mr. Clifford Chase of Oregon is calling on friends again.

Mrs. Minnie Brookens visited over Tuesday in Milwaukee.

Mrs. E. A. Reeves entertained Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stone of Aurora over Sunday.

Miss Myrtle Carris and lady friends of Kenosha were visitors at the Carris home over Sunday.

Murrie Brothers have rented their farm to Mr. Gus Scoles he will take possession in the fall.

Word reached here of the marriage of Mr. Elija Ames of Washington once a resident of this county.

Mrs. E. P. Siver will entertain the Oak Dale Cemetery Society on Thursday of this week, dinner will be served.

The severe electric storms have done considerable damage here and for, rain is plenty and we hope for no more severe storms.

The Y. P. A. Social was a success and we hope for another soon, proceeds amounting to \$10.00, which will be used in the near future for a new cement side walk for the church.

The Royal Neighbors of the Russell camp will hold a lawn social on Mr. Pedley's on Friday evening July 18th. Ice cream will be served and a good time is promised for all.

The death of Mrs. Orin Hawkins, nee Ethel Lewie, was one of the saddest that has been ever known in this vicinity. Mrs. Hawkins was only sick a few days, which was caused from a poisoning from a bite. She leaves to mourn her loss a husband and two small children. Their many friends extend sincere sympathy.

SALEM

J. McVicar has an auto.

Mrs. C. Haigh is visiting relatives here.

M. Curtiss of Trevor visited friends here Sunday.

A. Paddock and party autoed to Lake Geneva Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hartnell entertained relatives Sunday.

C. Witcher of Bristol was an Antioch visitor Saturday.

A. Burdick and wife entertained A. Bloss and wife Sunday.

The week end club had an outing at Twin Lakes Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Smallfelt visited relatives at Silverlake Sunday.

Mrs. H. Mutter and Bessie Kennicut of Kenosha are visiting in Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Foster entertained C. Benson and family of Kenosha Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Trenary and son of Kenosha visited at A. Burdick and family Sunday.

All Modern Improvements.
Sparker and Plug had just returned from a glorious spin in Sparker's brand-new automobile, and as they sat in Sparker's library they talked of many things despite the noise Sparker's youngsters were making.
"Tell you what, Sparker," said Plug, "you've a fine, healthy lot of children. By the way, how many have you?"
"Seven," said Sparker, proudly.
"You know, I've often wondered," went on Plug, "whether you people with so many children have any particular favorites."
"Well, no," answered Sparker, hesitatingly; "that is to say, you know, we don't have favorites exactly, but of course you can't help being more interested in this year's model than in some of the earlier ones!"

VALUE OF BREAD AS FOOD

Yolks of Eggs Added to Oatmeal Increase Its Nutritive Worth, Says Health and Longevity.

No other foodstuff used by man is more satisfying than bread when taken with other articles of diet, and many of the latter gain thereby in nutritive value and power of assimilation, as, for instance, milk. By simply drying the slices of bread, thus making "toast," bread can be more readily digested. It is also more easily masticated, and for this reason somewhat stale bread is to be preferred to that freshly baked.

Of the various flours made of cereals, wheat flour is the most used. The finer the flour is ground, especially wheat flour, the more of the nutritive substances are lost, and wheat bread is poorly absorbed. Rye flour, when it contains bran, is very badly assimilated. Oats are even more poorly taken up. When oats are to be used it is best to eat the products manufactured especially with a view to the digestibility. In my estimation, says a writer in Health and Longevity, puree of oatmeal with two yolks forms a very healthful food, in which the eggs not only greatly improve the taste, but also increase the nutritive value. Very valuable preparations for children's use can be made with oatmeal when taken with milk.

COLD FORMERLY WAS FATAL

Natives Who Inhabited Arabian Deserts Centuries Ago Perished When North Winds Swept Over Them.

It seems colds in the head were a lot worse in the olden times than they think of being nowadays. In fact they were epidemics then, and used to sweep across the deserts, killing off the natives by the hundreds.

Those peoples in the Arabian deserts seem to have been the worst sufferers, and their cause was due chiefly to the influence of frightful winds from the north. The country was not built up in those days as it is now, and nature had her way, and her ravages were felt in all lands and by all nations.

Indeed, the ancients all described this pest as due to the wind, and the symptoms appear to have been essentially catarrhal. Even the animals are recorded to be the victims of these same dreadful colds, which started in the head and went through the entire body, resulting in dreadful pains and shortly in death.

So the next time that you feel as though the end of the earth were about to come for you, just remember if you were living 3,000 years ago you would be in a lot worse fix.

All in the Scheme.

Very, very busy was the editor Wild was his hair and clammy was his brow. He could hardly be seen for the litter of papers confronting him, and his temper was distinctly ruffled.

The door opened and a seedy, unkempt person insinuated himself into the room.
"I should like to know," he began pompously and airily, "if there is an opening here?"

The editor laid aside his pen and sat back in his chair, eyeing the stranger with a devouring glance.
"Sir," came the grim reply, "if I may mention the matter, an ingenious and able journeyman carpenter and joiner, probably foreseeing your visit welcome or otherwise, has provided an excellent and well-finished opening Turn about and the opening faces you."

"By gyrating the knob to the right you may avail yourself of that opening, but kindly do not trip over the mat!"

Then, gathering up his pen anew the editor began work again.—Harrisburg Star.

"Celestial" as Applied to China.
Everyone knows the epithet "Celestial" applied to China, but few know its origin. According to a very old legend, Thibet is a fragment of a planet, once peopled by a yellow race, which in some way became detached and fell on the earth. The dazed inhabitants of the fragment were unfed, and, cold and hungry, they made their way toward China, which they peopled. This origin of the Chinese race led to their calling themselves "Celestials," and it is for this reason that the emperor calls himself Son of Heaven. Such, at least, is the legend.

Slate Production.

The slate production of the United States is practically confined to the northeastern part of the country. Although scattered deposits, more or less developed, occur elsewhere, the eastern slate is shipped to supply markets on the western coast as well as in the central and southern parts of the country. Pennsylvania is the greatest producer.

Another Reason.
"I see where a burglar has reformed."

"Did his conscience hurt him?"
"No. It seems that he is a light-hearted fellow and he found it a great hardship not to be able to sing at his work."

On the Rialto.
Actor—Awfully good of you to send me a pass for that matinee. Do you mind if I bring my wife?
Manager—My dear boy, what a question! You must know that any wife of yours is always welcome.—Life.

On Modern Man.

The late Emerson Taylor, our consul at Port of Spain, said a Washington official, "halled from Dry Run, and he had a fund of happy Dry Run humor."

Taylor once compared a disgruntled brother consul to a Dry Run housewife.

"This woman," he said, "often took a queer, disgruntled view of things. Thus she said one day:

"I don't think the prodigal son was so bad, after all."

"He wa'n't no good to his family," said her husband.

"That's a fact," said the Dry Run woman. "But when he got home, all the same, he knowed enough to keep his mouth shut. If he'd been like the twentieth century man, by crissus, the first thing he'd done would 'a' been to find fault with the way the fatted calf was cooked."

Among the Cobwebs.

Bishop Candler of Atlanta, apropos of worldly parsons, said the other day:

"There was a worldly parson of this type in Philadelphia, a great fox hunter, whom a Spruce street Quaker took in hand.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I understand thee's clever at fox catching."

"I have few equals and no superiors at that sport," the parson complacently replied.

"Nevertheless, friend," said the Quaker, "if I were a fox I would hide where thee would never find me."

"Where would you hide?" asked the parson, with a frown.

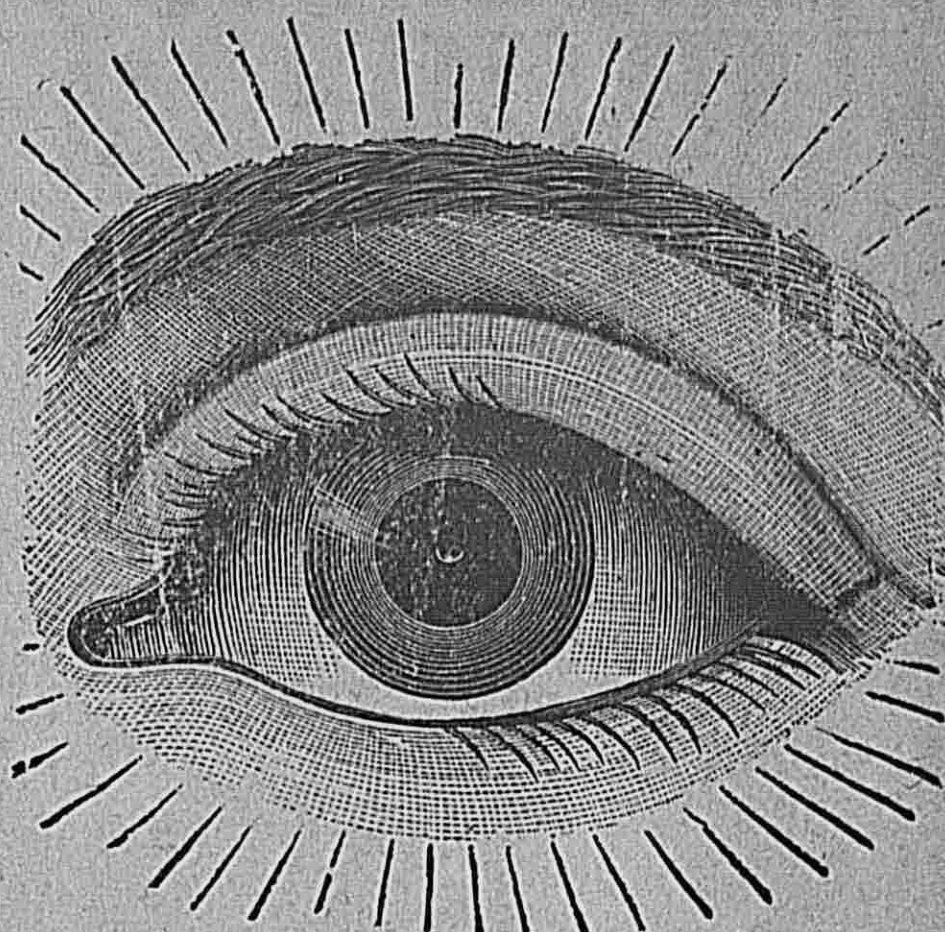
"Friend," said the Quaker, "I would hide in thy study."

Price of a Son.

Professor Allen Hoben of the University of Chicago says that one boy, reared in babyhood to the age of eighteen years, costs his parents \$4,000, even if they are so poor that they must live in the slums. Wealthy parents, he says, pay more, and he adds: "A son is truly a costly luxury." Yes, according to Dr. Hoben's figures, even the slum father could in eighteen years own a fine touring automobile for the sum he expends in rearing a son. And if he rears six sons—that's \$24,000—on a salary of \$1,000—that's \$18,000 in eighteen years—think of the art gems he could buy for his little cottage. Wonderful what the science of statistics can put into our heads, isn't it?

Feared the Worst.

"I think she is losing her voice."
"Possibly; but I'm afraid it will last through this performance."

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